THE

MORALL FABL
of ESOPE, the Phrygian.

Compyled into eloquent and ornat
Meeter, by ROBERT HENR
Schoole-[illegible] of DUMFERMELENE

Dulcem quidem scria picta facit
Ut Naufragio tamen est portus; ita
animi, seu iocunditas est quasi vita portus.

Newlie vuised and corrected.

EDINI

THE PROLOGVE.

THough feinzed Fables and old Poetrie,
Be not all grounded vpon trueth, yet then
Their polite tearmes of sweete Rhethorie,
Right pleasant are vnto the eares of men.
And als the cause that they first began:
VVas to reproue the haill mistruing
Of men, by figure of anothing.

In like manner as throw the bousteous eird,
(So it bee laboured with great diligence)
Spring the flowers and the corne abreird,
Helsome and good to mans sustenance.
Out of the subtile dyte of Poetrie,
To good purpose who could it well apply.

The Nut-shell though it bee hard and teugh,
Holdes the kirnell, and is delectable:
So lyeth there a doctrine wise enough,
And full of fruite vndera feinzed Fable.
And Clarkes sayes, it is righte profitable,
Among earnest to ming a mirrie sport,
To light the spirit and gif the time bee short.

And furthermore, a bow that is ever bent,
VVorths vnsmart, and dulles c[illegible]ng:
So doeth the minde that is aye di[illegible]
In earnest thoughts, and into studyis
VVith sad maters some mirrinesse to ming,
Accords weil: thus *Æsope* saide I wis,
Dulcius arrident seria picta Iocis.

Of this Authour (my Maister with your leiue)
admitring mee to your correction:
Mother tongue of Latine I would prooue,
make a manner of translation:
[illegible]my selfe for vaine presumption
[illegible]best and pr[illegible]

THE PROLOGVE.

...omlie lan...ge, ...in rearmes rude,
...wyse F... of eloquence,
...ouer ...onde... beare vnderstude,
...beſoie reckely I pray your reuerence,
...yee find in it throvv negligence,
...minute, or yet superfluous,
...ect it at your wils gratious.

...uthour in his Fables telles how,
...rutall beastes spake and vnderstude,
...ood purpose dispute and argue,
...logisme propone and eke conclude,
...in example and in similitude,
...wonny men in operation,
...like to beasts in condition.

No marueill is a man bee like a beast,
Which lourith ayt carnall and fowle delite:
That shame can not him renyie nor arreast,
But taketh all the lust and appetite,
And that through custome and through daylie rite,
Syne in their mindes so fast is radicate,
That they in brutall beast are transformat.

This noble Clarke *Esope* as I haue told,
...gay vestment, as poet Laureat,
...y figure wrote his booke ... -nor wold,
Lacke the disdaine of hie ... vestate,
And to begin, first of an... ...ke hee wrate
Seeking his... meare hee fa... a jolie stone,
...whom the Fable yee shall heare anone.

FINIS.

¶ THE TALE OF Cocke and the Iaſpe

A Cocke ſomtime with ſtel
Right cant and crous, albeit
Flew forth vpon a Dung-hill ſoon.
To get his dinner ſet was all his cure:
Scraping among the Aſhe by aduenture,
Hee found a foly Iaſpe right precious.
Was caſten forth in ſowping of the Houſe.

As Damoſels wanton and inſolent,
That faine would play, and on the ſtreete be ſet
To ſweiping of the houſe they take no tent,
They care nothing, ſo that the flure be cleene,
Iewels are tint, as oft times hes beene ſeene
Vpon the flure, and ſweiping forth anone,
Paraduenture ſo was the ſamine ſtone.

So marueiling vpon the ſtone (quoth hee)
O gentle Iaſpe, O rich and noble thing,
Though I thee finde, thou gaines not for mee,
Thou art a Iewell for a Lord and King,
Pittie were thou ſhould lye in this midding,
And buried be thus in this mucke on mold.
And thou ſo faire, and worth ſo meikell Gold.

It is pittie I ſhould thee finde, for why?
Thy great vertue, nor yet thy colour cleare,
It may mee neither extoll nor magnifie:
And thou to mee may make but little cheare
To great Lords though thou be lone and dere
I lone farre better things of leſſe auaill,
Draffe and Corne to fill my foome it

r haue ſcraped with my nails,
Mow and ſeke my liues ſaſe,
me, ſmall wormes and ſnailes,
uld doe my ſtomacke good,
s a meikill multitude.
thou againe, vpon the ſamine wiſe,
thine auaile may mæ as now diſpiſe.

Thou art no Corne, and thereof I haue néd,
y colloure does but comfort to the ſight,
that is not enough my wombe to ſæde,
Wines ſayes, loking workes are light,
uld haue ſome meat get it if I might,
hungrie men may not liue on lokes,
, Ioyr bread, I count not for the Cokes.

Where ſhould thou make thy habitation?
Where ſhould thou dwell, but in a royall Toure?
Where ſhould thou ſit but on a Kinges Crowne?
Exalted in worſhip and in great honour?
Riſe gentle Iaſpe, of all the ſtones the floure,
Out of this midding and pas where thou ſhould be
Thou ganes not for mæ nor I for thæ.

Leauand this Iewell low vpon the ground,
To ſæke his meate the Cocke his wayes went,
But when or how, or whom by it was found.
As now I ſet to hold none argument:
at of this inward ſentence and intent,
'is (as mine Author) does write.
rehearſe in rude and hamlie dite.

ly Iaſpe had properties ſeuen.
colloure it was maruelous,

Part like the fire, and part like to the h.
It makes a man ſtrong and victorious
Preſerues als fra caſes perilous,
Who hes this ſtone ſhall haue good gay.
Of fire nor water nedis him not to dreap.

MORALITAS.

THis gentle *Iaſpe* right different of hew,
Betokens perfite prudence and cunning:
Ornate with many deeds of vertew,
More excellent than any earthly thing,
Which maketh men in honour for to reigne,
Happie and ſtrong to win the victorie,
Of all vices the ſpirituall enemie.

Who may bee hardy, rich and gratious,
Who can eſchew perrill and aduenture?
Who can gouerne a Realme Citie or Houſe,
Without Science? no man I you aſſure.
It is riches that euer ſhall endure.
Which moath nor moyſt, nor other rouſt can freat,
To mens ſoule it is eternall meat.

This *Coake* deſyring more the ſimple corne,
Than any *Iaſpe*, may to a foole bee peare:
Which at Science makes but a mocke and ſcorne,
And no good can, and will als little *Iaare*,
His heart wammils wiſe arguments to heare,
As doeth a Sow, to whom men ſey the nanes,
Into her draſſe-troch would ſow precious ſtanes.

Who is enemie to Science and cunning,
But ignorants who vnderſtandeth not?
VVhich is ſo noble, ſo precious and ſo ding,
That it may not with earthly thing bee boght,
VVell were the man ouer all other that moght,
All his life dayes in perfite ſtudie wair,
To get *Science*, for him needeth no mair.

But now (alas) Science is tint and hid,
VVee ſeeke it not, nor preaſſe it for to find:
Haue wee riches no better life wee bid,

g'the foule bz bare and blind,
more to speake it were but wind,
ase and will no further say.
'ase who will, for there it lay.

he tale of the Vponlands Mouse and the *Burgesse Mouse*.

ype mine Authoze makes mention,
Of two Myce, and they were Sisters deare:
whom the eldest dwelt in a Bozrow towne.
other winned vpon land well neare.
'arie whiles vnder bus, whiles vnder bzeare,
es in the cozne an doth ermens skaith,
out-lawes does and lines on their waith.

This rurall Mouse into the winter tide,
o hunger, cold, and tholed great distresse:
ge other Mouse that in the Burgh can bide,
'as Gild-brother and made a frée Burgesse:
ol free als, but custome moze oz lesse:
ind freedome had to goe where euer shée list,
throng the chiese in Arke, and meill in kist.

On time when shee was full and vnfute-fair,
Shee tooke in minde her Sister vpon-land:
And long'd foz to heare tell of her wel-fare,
To sée what life shee had vnder the wand,
Bair-fute, alone with pyle-staffe in her hand,
s poore pilgrame shée past out of the Towne,
seeke her sister both ouer daill and downe.

'rth many wilsome wayes can shée walke,
'oos and Mure, throw banks balkes bzeir
ping with many an hideous quake,

Come

Come forth to me mine owne good sister dear.
Cry peepe once: with that the Mouse can heare,
And knew her voyce as kinsmen will doe,
Be verie kinde, and forth thee came her to.

The heartly joy, God if that ye had seene,
Was kithed when that thir two sisters met:
And great kindnesse was showne them betweene.
For whiles they leugh and whiles for joy they gr
Whiles kissed sweete, whiles in armes plet.
And thus they fure, while sober was their mind,
Syne foote for foote vnto the chalmer wend.

As I heard say it was a sober wane,
Of soge and sarne full sebillie wrought made:
Ane sillie scheill vnder ane steidfast stane,
Of which the entresse was not hie nor braide,
And in the same they went but more abade,
Withoutten fire or candle burning bright.
For commonlie such pykers lones not light.

When they were lodged thus thir sillie wyfe.
The yongest sister into her buttrie yode,
And brought forth nuts and candle in steid of spyce.
If this was good fair I doe it on them beside.
The Burgesse Mouse promped forth in pride,
And said, Sister is this your daylie foode,
Why not (quod shee) is not this meat right good

No be my soule I thinke it but a scorne.
Madame (quod shee) ye bee the more to blame,
My mother said, Sister when wee were borne
That I and yee lay both within one wame.
I keepe the rule and custome of my Dame

d of my liuing into pouertie:
Fo; lands haue wee none in p;opertie.

My faire Sister (quod shée) haue mee excused,
This rude dyet and I can not accoy;de:
To tender meates my stomacke is aye vsed,
Fo; whiles I fare as well as any Lo;d,
Thir withered Pease and Nutes ere they bée boy;d,
Will breake my teeth and make my wombe full
(which was before vsed to meates tender. (sléder

Well, well, Sister (quod the Rurall Mouse)
(t please you such thing as yee sée hére:
oth meate and drinke, barberie and house:
shall bee your owne, will yee remaine all yeere,
ee shall it haue with blyth and mirrie chére,
and that should make the measles that are rude,
mong friends right tender and wonder good.

What pleasure is in feastes delicate,
The which are giuen with a glouming b;ow,
A gentle heart is better recreate
With courage, than séth to him a sow,
A Modicum is moy;e fo; till allow.
So that Good-will bée caruer at the Dease,
Than thy;owen vult and many spyced mease.

Fo; all her merrie exhoy;tation,
The Burgesse Mouse had little will to sing,
But beanlie shee kest her b;owes downe,
Fo; all the dainties that shee could her b;ing,
(the last shée saide halfe in bathing,
this victuall and this rurall feast,
suffice vnto a rurall brast.

Let bee this hole, and come into my place,
I shall to you shew by experience.
My Good-fry-day is better nor your Pace,
My dish-lickings is worth your whole expence,
I have houses anew of great defence,
Of Cat, nor of Tal-trap I have no dread,
I grant (quod shee) and on together they yeed.

In stubble array throw gerse and corne,
And under bushes priuily could they crepe:
The eldest was the gnyd and went before,
The younger to her wayes tooke good kepe,
On night they ran and on the day could sleepe,
While in the morning ere the Laverocke sang,
They fand the towne, and in blythly could gang

Not far from thence into a worthie wane.
This Burges brought thē soon where they should
Without God spēd their harberie was tane,
Into a Spence with victuall great plentie,
Both Cheese and Butter upon the shelfes hie,
All flesh and fish, enough of fresh and salt,
And sackes full of Meill, and eke of Malt.

After when they disposed were to dyne,
Withoutten grace they woosh and went to meate
Of all courses that Cookes could deuyne,
Mutton and Beafe striken in tailzeis great.
And Lords fare thus could they counterfeate.
Except one thing, they drānke the Water clear
In steede of Wine, but yet they made good cheare

With blyth bpeast, and mirrie countenance
The eldest Sister speired at her gaist,

That thée be reason and difference,
Betwirt her chamber and her little nest.
Yea Dame (quod thée how long will this last?
For euermore I watte and longer to,
Gif it be so, yee are at ease quod sho.

To eike their chéer, a subcharge foorth she brought
A plate of grottes and a dish full of meill:
Wyast cakes als I trow thée spared nought.
Abundantly about her for to deill,
And main-flour fine thee brought in stead of geill,
And a white candle out of a coffer stall:
Instead of spyce, to gust their mouth withall.

Thus made they mirrie while they might no mair,
To hail-Yule haile, they cryed upon hie,
But after ioye oft times comes cair,
And trouble after great prosperitie,
Thus are they set in all their joaltie,
The Spencer came with Keyes in his hand,
Opned the doore and them at dinner fand.

They tarved not to wash as I suppose,
But on to goe who that might formest win:
The Burgesse had an hole, and in thée goes,
Her sister had none hole to hide her in.
To sée that sillie Mouse, it was great sin,
So desolate and will of ane gude read,
For verie dread thée fell on swoun neare dead.

But as God would, it fell an happie case,
The Spencer had no laser for to byde,
But to sérke, nor search, nor feare, nor chase,
He went, and left the doore up wyde:

The

The bold Burgesse his passing well hes spyde,
Out of her hole shee came and cryed on hie,
How faire yee sister? cry pepe where euer yee bee.

This rurall Mouse lay flatling on the ground,
And for the death shee was full sore dreadand,
For till her heart strake many woefull stound,
And in a feuer shee trembled foote and hand,
And when her sister in such ply her fand,
For verie pittie shee began to greet.
Syne comfort her with words faire and sweet.

Why lye yee thus? rise vp my sister deare,
Come to your meat, this perrell is ouerpast.
The other answered her with heauie cheare,
I may not eate so sore I am agast.
I had rather this fourtie dayes fast,
With water kaill and to gnaw beanes or pease,
Than all your feast, with this dread and disease.

With faire treatie yet shee gart her vp-rise
And to the buird they went, and together sat:
And scantly had they drunken once or twise,
When in came Gib-Hunter our joly Cat:
And bad God-speed the Burgesse vp with that.
And to the hole shee went like fire and flint,
Bawdrones the other by the backe hes hint.

From foote to foote hee tost her to and fra,
Whiles vp, whiles downe, als cant as any
Whiles would hee let her run vnder the fu
Whiles would he wink, & play with he
us to the fillie Mouse greet paine

Betwixt a bourde and the wall shée crap.

And vp in haste, behinde a parpelling,
Shée clame so hie, that Gilbert might not get her:
Syne by the clucke there craftelie can hing,
Till shée was gone her cheare was all the better,
Ne down shée lap when there was none to let her
To to the Burgesse Mouse loude can shee cry,
Fare well my Sister, thy feast heere I defy,

Thy mangerie is mingled all with caire,
Thy gose is good, thy gansell sowre as gall:
The subcharge of thy service, is but saire,
Shall thou finde heere-afterward no faill,
I thanke yon Courting and yon parpall Wall,
Of my defence now from a cruell beaste,
Almightie God keepe mée from such a feast.

Were I into the Kirk that I came fra,
For well nor woe should I neuer come againe:
With that shee toke her leaue, and forth can gá
Whiles through ỳ corne, & whiles through ỳ plain,
When shée was foorth and free shée was full faine,
And merilie marched vnto the Mure,
I can not tell how shée thereafter fure.

But I heard say shée passed to her den,
Als warme as woull, suppose it was not great:
Full beenlie stuffed both butte and ben,
Beines and Nuttes, Pease, Rye and Wheat,
Euer shée list, shée had enough to eate,
And ease, withoutten any dread,
Vntill sea feast no more shée read.

MOr

MORALITAS.

FRiendes, ye may finde if that ye may take heede,
Into this Fable a good Moralitie,
As fitches mingled are with noble ſeed,
So intermingled is aduerſitie
VVith earthly joye, ſo that no ſtate is free,
And als trouble, and ſome vexation,
And namely they which climmeth vp ſo hie,
That are not content with ſmall poſſeſſion.

Bleſſed bee ſimple life withoutten dread,
Bleſſed bee ſober feaſt in quyetie:
VVho hath enough of no more hath hee need,
Though it bee little into quantitie.
Great aboundance and blind proſperitie,
Oftimes maketh an euill concluſion.
The ſweeteſt life therefore in this Countrie,
Is ſickernaſſe with ſmall poſſeſſion.

O wanton man that vſes for to feed
Thy wombe, and maketh it a god to bee
Like to thy ſelfe, I warne thee well but dread,
The Cat commeth, and to the Mouſe hath eye,
VVhat vaileth then thy feaſt and royaltie,
VVith dreadfull heart and tribulation?
Beſt thing in earth, therefore I ſay for mee,
Is blitheneſſe in heart, with ſmall poſſeſſion.

Thine owne fire (friend) ſo it be but a gleid,
It warmeth well, and is worth gold to thee,
And *Salomon* ſayth, if that thou wilt read,
Vnder the *Heauen* there cannot better bee,
Then aye bee blyth, and liue in honeſty,
VVherefore I may conclude be this reaſon,
Of earthly joye it beareth moſt degree,
Blytheneſſe in heart with ſmall poſſeſſion.

The tale of fire Chantecleire and the Foxe.

THough brutall Beaſtes be irrationall,
That is to ſay wanting diſcretion:
Like ane in their kinde naturall,
[illegible]

The Bair bouſtreous, the wolfe, the wilde Lyon,
The Fore ſemes craftie and cautelous,
The Dogges to bark in night and kepe the Houſe.

So different are they in properties,
Unknowne to man and ſo infinite,
In kinde hauing ſo fell diuerſities,
My cunning is excluded for to dyte,
For why? as now I purpoſe for to wryte
A caſe I fand, which fell this other yere,
Betwixt a Fore and a gentle Chantecleere.

A Widow dwelt into a borpe theſe dayes,
Who wan her fode of ſpinning on her rocke,
And no more had forſuith the Fable ſayes.
Except of Hennes ſhee had a little flocke,
And them to kepe ſhe had a jolie Cocke.
Right courageous that to this Widow ay.
Diuyded night and crew before the day.

A little from this foreſaid Widowes houſe,
A thorny ſhaw there was of great defence,
Whereon a Fore craftie and cautelous,
Made his repare and daylie reſidence:
Which to this Widow did great violence,
In pyking of Poultrie both day and night.
And no way be reuenged on him ſhe might.

This wylie Tod when that the larke could ſing,
All fore hungrie vnto the Towne him dreſt,
Where Chantecleere into the day dawning,
For night was flowne from his neſt,
His ſaw, and in his minde hee reſt

By what meanes hée might this Cocke begyle:
Dissimuland into countenance and chere,
On knées fell, and smyling thus hée said,
Gude-morne my maister, gentils Chantecleere,
With that the Cocke start backward in an braid,
Sir by my soule yee néede not bée affrayed.
Nor yet for mée to start nor flee abacke,
I come but hére service to you to make.

Would I not serue to you, it were blame,
As I haue done to your Progenitours:
Your Father full oft filled hes my wame,
And sent mee meat from midding to the mures:
And at his end I did my busie cures,
To hold his head, and giue him drinkes warme,
Syne at the last the sweat swelt in mine arme.

Knew yee my father (quod the Cock) and le
Pea, my faire Sonne, I held vp his head,
When that hee died vnder an birken beugh,
Syne said the Dirige when that hée was dead,
Betwirt vs two how should there bee ane feade?
Whom should yée trust, but mee your seruitour,
That to your Father did so great honour.

When I beheld your Fethers faire and gent,
Your bécke, your breast, your Bekil & your Came,
Sir by my soule, and the blest Sacrament,
Mine heart is warme, mee thinke I am at home,
To make you blith I would crépe on my wombe
In frost and snow, in weather wan and wert,
And lay my yare lokes vnder your feete.

This feinyet Fore, false and dissimulate,
Wade to this Cocke this cauillation:

Yet are mee thinke changed and degenerate,
From your father, of his conditioun,
Of craftie crawing hæ might beare the crowne,
For hæ would on his taes stand and craw,
Bhis was no lie, I stood beside and saw.

With that the Cocke vpon his taes hie,
Reft vp his hæde and sang with all his might:
(Quod sir Lawrence) well said, so met I thæ,
Yæ are your fathers sonne and heire vpright,
But of his cunning yet yæ want ane slight.
For (quod the Tod) hæ would and haue no doubt,
Both winke and craw, and turne him thrise about.

The Cock infect with wind and false vaine gloxe,
That many puts into confusion:
Ofting to win ane great worship therefore,
Warlie winkand wawland vp and downe,
And syne to chant and craw hee made him bowne:
And suddainlie hæ hee had crawne ane note,
The Fore was ware, and hint by the throte.

Syne to the wood but tarie with him hyed,
Of that cryme hauing but little doubt:
With that Partocke, Sprutocke and Toppik cryed
The Widow heard, and with ane cry came out,
Seeing the case, shæ sighed and gaue ane shout,
How murther hay, with ane hiddeous beir,
Alas, now lost is gentle Chantecleir.

As shee were wode, with many yel and cry,
Ryning her haire vpon her breast can beat
Syne paill of hew, halfe in ane extasie,
[illegible] soune for sare in sowning and in sweat,
[illegible]yat the silie Hennes left their meat,

And

And while this wife was lyand thus in swoun,
Fell in this case of disputatioun.

Alas (quod Pertoke) making soze mourning,
While teares great out ouer her chækes fell,
Pon was our bzowzie and our dayes darling.
Our Nightingell, and als our Hozeledge bell,
Our wakrife watch foz vs to warne and tell,
When that Aurora with her courches gray,
Put vp her head betwirt the night and day.

Who shall our Lemman bee? who shall vs lard?
When wæ are sad, who shall vnto vs sing?
With his swæte bill hee would bzeak vs the bzead
In all this wozld there is no kinder thing.
In all paramours hæ would doe vs pleasing,
At his power as Nature did him giue,
Now after him alas, how shall wee liue?

(Quod Spzoutok then) cease Sister of your sozrow
Yee bee to mad foz him sic mourning makes,
Wæ shall fair well wæ find Saint John to bozrow,
The Pzouerbe sayes, als good loue come as gaes,
I will put on my haly dayes claithes,
And make mee fresh againe this joly May,
Syne chant this sang, was neuer widow so gay.

Hæ was angry, and held vs ay in aw.
And wounded hee was with the spere of jelousie,
Of chalmer-gleu Pertok full well yæ knaw,
Wasked hæ was, of nature colde and dzy:
Den hæ is gone, therefoze sister say I,
Wæ bluth in baill, foz that is best remead,
Let quicke to quicke, and dead goe to the dead

Then Pertoke spake with feinzet faith bo-

In luſt but loue, hee ſet all his delyte,
Sikker yee wate of ſic as him ane ſcoze,
Would not ſuffice to ſlacke our appetyte,
I beght by mine hand, ſen hæ is qu:te
Within ane owlke, fo: ſhame if I durſt ſpeike,
To get ane berne ſhould better claw my b:eike.

Then Coppik like a Curat ſpake full crouſe,
You with ane verie vengence from the heauen,
Hee was ſo lowſie and ſo lecherous,
Hæ had (quod ſhæ) kittokes mae than ſeauen.
But righteous God holding the Ballance cauen:
Smits right ſoze, thought hee bee patient,
Fo: adultarie that will them not repent.

Prydfull hee was and joyed of his ſin,
And counted not fo: Gods fauour no: feid,
But traiſked aye to rare, and ſo to rin.
While at the laſt his ſinnes can him leid.
To ſhamefull end, and to yon ſuddaine deid,
Therefoze it is the verie hand of God.
That cauſed him bæ wirried with the Tod.

When this was ſaid, this widow from her ſwou,
Start vp on fote, and on her knæs cryed:
Vow berke, Berrie, Bawſie, Broun,
Kypſhaw, Kintwell, Courtes, Nutti-clyd,
Togethèr all but grunching fo:th yee glyde,
Reſkew my noble Cocke ere hæ bæ ſlaine,
O: elſe to mee fæ yee come neuer againe.

With that but bade they braded ouer the bent,
As fire off flint, they ouer the fields flew
Lightlie they th:ow wood and water went,
Raſſed not ſir Lawrence while they ſaw.

But when hée saw the Bennets come on raw,
Unto the Cocke in minde hee said, God ken
That I and thou were faitlie in my den.

Then said the Cock with some good spreit inspy-
Doe my counsell, and I shall warrand thée, (red
Hungry thou art, and for great trauell tyred,
Right faint of force, and may not farther flée:
Swyeth turne againe and say, that I and yee,
Friends are made, and fellowes for an yeare,
Then will they stint, and stand for it and not steare.

This Tod, though he was false and frivolous
And had friends his querrel to defend:
Deceived was hée by meanes right marvelous,
For falsed failzeies ay atthe latter end.
Hée start about and cryed as hee were kend,
Whith that the Cocke hée braid out of the beugh,
Now judge yée all whereat sir Lawrence leugh.

Begyled thus the Tod vnder the trée,
On knées fell and said, Good Chantecléere,
Come downe againe, and I but meat or fée,
Shall bée your man and seruant for a yéere
For false river and thefe stand not mee neere,
My bludie bekill and my backe so bia,
Hath parted friendship for ever betwéene vs twa

I was vnwise that winked at thy will,
Whereth rough almost I lossed had mine head:
I was mair fuill, quod hée, to be so still,
Whereth rough to put my play into plead,
Fare on false thefe, God kéepe mée from thy
With that the Cocke ouer the fields tok fl
And in at the Mowwes window could y

MORALITAS.

NOw worthie folke ſuppoſe this bee a Fable,
And ouerhailled with types figurall,
Yet may yee finde a ſentence right agreable,
Vnder this feinzit termes texturall.
To our purpoſe this Cocke well may wee call,
Nyce proud men, void and vain glorious,
Of kinne and blood that are preſumptuous.

Pye puft vp pride, thou art full poiſonable,
Wha fauours thee of force mon haue a fall:
Thy ſtrength is noght, thy ſtule ſtands vnſtable,
Take witneſſe of thy friendes infernall:
Ik hounded down was from that heauenly hal,
n illes-holl, and to that hiddeous houſe,
ecauſe in pride they were preſumptuous.

This feinzit Foxe may well bee figurate,
To flatterers with pleaſant words white:
With falſe meaning and minde intoxicat,
To loiſe and lie, that ſets their hail delite.
All worthie folke at ſicke ſhould haue deſpite,
For where is there mair perillous peſtilence,
Nor giue to lyares haſtily credence.

The wicked minde and adulation,
Of ſuggar ſweet hauing the ſimilitude,
Atter as gall, and full of poyſon,
To taſt it is, wha clearely vnderſtude,
or why? as now ſhortlie to conclude,
hir twa ſinnes, flatterie and vaine glore,
twa enemies, good folke beware therefore.

The Tale how this foreſaid Tod made his confeſſion to Frier wait-ſkaith.

LEaue wee this Widow glad I you aſſure.
Of Chantecléere moze bliyth noz I can tell
nd ſpeake wee of the ſubtle auenture,
o deſtiny that to this Foxe befell,
ſt no moze with waiting intermell,
eleme oz light was of the day.

But

But byding night full still lurking hee lay,
While that the goddes of the flude,
Phœbus had called to the harbery,
And Hesperus put vp his cluddie bude,
Showing his lustie visage in the Sky:
Then Lawrence luked vp where hee could lye,
And kest his hand vpon his eyes on hight,
Mirrie and glad that commed was the night.

Out of the wood vnto an hill hee went,
Where hee might see the twinkling starnes cleare:
And all the Planets of the Firmament,
Their course and eke their mouing in the Sphears,
Some Retograd, and some Stationare,
And of the Zodiacke into what degree,
They were like ane as Lawrence learned mee.

Then Saturne olde was entred in Capricorne,
And Iuppeter moued in Sagittarie:
And Mars vp in the Rams head was borne,
And Phœbus in the Lyon forth can carie:
Venus the Crab, the Moone was in Aquarie,
Mercurius the God of Eloquence,
Into the Virgine made his residence.

But Astrolob Quadrant or Almanacke,
Teached of Nature by instruction,
The mouing of the Heauen this Tod can take,
What influence and Constellation,
Was like to fall vpon this earth adoun:
And to himselfe hee said withouttен mair,
Well worthy my Father that sent mee to the lair.

My destinie and eke my weard I ken,
Mine auenture is clearlie to mee kend,

With mischiefe mingled is my mortall ene,
By multiuing, the somer but I mend:
It is rewarde of sinne, a shamefull end,
Therefore I will goe seeke some Confessour,
And schryue me cleane of my sinnes to this houre:

Alas, quod hee, right waryed are we theues,
Our liues set ilke night in aduenture:
Our cursed craft full many man mischeues,
For ay we stryll, and ay are alike pure,
In dread and shame our dayes wee indure,
Syne widdinecke, and cracke-rape called als,
And till our hyre hanged vp by the hals.

Accusand thus his cankered conscience,
Into a Crage hee kest about his eye,
So saw hee command a little then from thence,
Ane worthie Doctour of Diuinitie:
Frier-wolfe wait-skaith in science wonder slie,
To preach and pray was newcome from the Closter
With beades in hand, saying his Pater noster.

Seeing this Wolfe, this wylie traitour Tod,
On knées fell, with hude into his necke
Welcome my Ghostlie Father vnder God
(Quod hee) with many bing and many becke.
(quod the Wolfe) Sir God for what effecke,
Shake yée sle feir, ryse vp, put on your hude,
Father (quod hee) I haue great cause to dude.

Yee are Mirroure, Lanterne and sicker way,
Could gyde sic simple folke as me to grace,
Your hair feete and your Russet cowle of gray,
Leane hakes, your paile pitteous face,
Mix your perfite holinesse,

For

for well were him that once in his life,
Had hap to pon his sinnes for to schryue.

No silly Lawrence (quod the Wolfe) and leugh,
It pleases mee that yee are penitent,
Of reife and slouth, sir I can tell enough,
That causethmæ full sore for to repent,
But father bide still here vpon the bent,
I you beseech and heare mæ to declare,
My conscience, that prickes mee wonder sare.

Wel (quod the Wolfe) sit downe vpon thy knee
And hee downe bair-heided sat full humblie,
And syne began with Benedicite,
When I thus saw, I drewe a little by,
For it effeirs nether to heare nor spye.
Nor to reueill thing said vnder that seill.
Vnto the Tod this gate the Wolfe can tell.

Art thou contreit and sorie in thy spreit
For thy trespasse? No sir, I can not dude,
Mee thinkes that Hennes are so honey sweit,
And Lambes flesh that new are latten blud,
For to repent my minde can not conclude,
But of this thing that I haue slaine so few,
Well (quod the Wolfe) in faith thou art aschrein.

Sen thou can not forbeare thy wickednesse,
Wilt thou forbeare in time to come and mend?
And I forbeere, how shall I line, alas,
Hauing none other craft mee to defend:
Neede causes mee to steill where euer I wend,
I shame to thig, I can not worke yee wate,
Yet would I faine pretend to gentle state.

Well (quod the Wolfe) thou wants

Belenging to perfite Confession:
To the third part of Penitence let vs goe,
Wilt thou take paine for thy transgression:
Now sir consider my complextion,
Sillie and weake, and of my nature tender.
Loe, will ye see I am both leane and slender.

Yet neuertheleſſe, I would so it were light
Sport, and not greuand to my tendernesse,
Take part of paine: fulfill it gif I might,
To set my sillie Saul in way of grace:
Thou sall (quod hee) forbeare flesh vntill Paschs.
To tame thy Corpes, and cursed carion,
And heere I reach thee full remission.

I grant thereto so ye will giue me leaue,
To eate puddings, or leape a little bluve,
Or head, or feete, or panches let mee preaue,
In case I fall na flesh vnto my fude.
For great mister I giue thee leaue to vuve,
Wise in the owlke, for nead may haue no law,
God yeild you sir, for that text well I knaw.

When this was said the Wolfe his wayes went,
The Fore on fute hee fure vnto the fluve,
To find him fish haily was his intent,
But when hee saw the water and waues wouve,
Astonieſt all still into ane state hee stuve,
And said, Better that I had bidden at hame,
Nor heere ane fisher in the Deuils name.

Now mon I scrape my meat out of the sand,
Sen I haue neither boates nor yet net,
Thus was he thus for fault of meat murnand,
Quhilk his liuing for to get,

Vnder

Ander ane tree he saw an trip of Gate,
Then was he blyth, and in ane heuch him hid,
And from the Goat hee ta ane little Kid.

Syne ouer the heuch vnto the Sea he hyes,
And take the Kid by the hornes twane:
And in the water either twyse or thryse,
He dowked him, and till him can hee sane.
Ga downe sir Kid, come vp sir Salmond againe,
While he was dead, syne to the land him drench,
And of that new made Selmond eat eneuch.

Thus finely filled with young tender meate,
Vnto ane derne for dread he him addrest,
Vnder ane busse where that the Sunne can beat,
To bake his breast and belly hee thought best,
And reklesse he said where he did rest,
Straikand his wame agains the Sunnes heat,
Vpon his wame were set ane bolt full meet.

When this was done, the keeper of the Gate,
Carefull in heart his Kid was stollen away,
On euery side full warely could hee wate.
While at the last hee saw where Lawrence lay,
Ane bow he bent, ane flane with fedders gray,
He hailled to the head, and ere he steird,
The Fore hee prycked fast vnto the eird.

Now (quod the Fore) alas and welaway,
Gored I am, and may not farther gang.
He thinke no man may speake ane word in play.
But now a dayes in earnest it is tane,
He barled him, and out he drew his flane,
And for his Kid, and other violence,
He toke his skinne and made ane recompe-

MORALITAS.

THis suddaine death and vnprovyſed end,
Of this false Tod, without provision:
Examples exhortand folke to amend,
For dread of sic ane like confusion:
For many now hes gude possession,
Yet not repents, nor for their sinnes great,
Because they thinke that sustie life so sweet.

Some bee also throw consuetude and tyte,
Vinquest with carnall sensualitie,
Suppose they bee as for the tyme contryte,
Can not forbeare, nor from their sinnes flee.
Vse drawes nature so in propertie,
Of beast and man, that needlings they mon do,
As they of long-time haue beene hanted to.

Beware gude folke, and feare this suddaine death,
Quhilke smytes sair, withouten residence,
Attend wiselie, and in your heartes note,
Against death may no man make defence,
Cease off your sinne, remord your conscience,
Obey vnto your God, and yee shall wend,
After your death to bleſſe withouten end.

The tale of the sonne and the heire of the foresaid Fore, called Father-ware. Alswa the Parliament of foure-footed Beastes halden by the Lyon.

THis foresaid Fore that died for his misdeede,
Had but a barne was borne righteouslie,
Will heirship by Law that might succeede.
Except a soune which in Adulterie,
Hee gotten had in purches priuilie,
Anottill his name was called Father-ware,
That loued well with Poutrie to tig and tar.

It followes well by reason naturall,
gree by gree of right comparison:
comes woir, of woir, comes woirſt of all,
gous geir comes false possession:

This

This Fore bastard of generation,
Of verie kinde behoued to bee false,
So was his Father and his Grandsir als.

As Nature will seeking his meat be sent,
Of case hee fand his Fathers carioun,
Naked new slaine and till him hes hee wrnt.
Toke vp his head, and on his knee fell downe,
Thanking great God of that conclusioun.
And said, Now shall I bruke sen I am aire,
The bounds where thou was wont for to repaire.

For conetice vnkinde, and venemous,
The sonne was saine, hee found his Father dead,
By suddaine shot, for deeds odious,
That hee might ring and rare intill his stead,
Dreading nothing, the famine life to lead,
In thift and reife, as his father before,
But to the end attent hee tooke no more.

Yet neuertheleſſe, through naturall pittie,
The carion vpon his backe hee takes.
Now finde I well this Prouerbe true (quod hee)
Ape runnes the Fore as long as hee keete hes,
Syne with the corps vnto the peet-pot gaes,
Of water full, and cast him in the deepe,
And to the Deuill hee gaue his bones to keepe.

O foolish man plunged in worldlineſſe,
To conques worldly good, gold and rent:
To put thy soule in paine or heauines,
To rich thy heir, which after thou art went,
Haue hee thy good, hee taketh but small tent,
To execute, to doe, or satisfie.
The latter will, thy debt and legacie:

This Tod to rest him, passed to ane Craig,
And there hee heard ane bousteous Bugill blaw:
Which as hee thought made all the world to wag,
Ane Unicorne come lansing ouer the law,
Then start hee vp when hæ this heard and saw,
With horne in hand, ane bill on breast hæ bure.
Ane Pursephant seemely I you assure.

Unto ane banke where hæ might see about,
On euery side on haste hee did him hy:
Shot out his voyce full shill, and gaue ane shout,
And on this wise twise or thrise did cry,
With that the beastes on the field thereby,
All marueling what sic ane thing should mæne,
Greatlie agast they gathered on ane græne.

Out of his buste ane bill can hee braid,
And red the text withoutten tarrying:
Commanding silence sadlie thus hee said,
The Noble Lyon of all beastes the King.
Greiting to God, health euerlasting,
To brutall beastes, and irrationall
I send as to my subjects great and small.

My Celsitude and high magnificence,
Lets you to wit, that euen incontinent.
Thinkes the morne with royall diligence,
Upon this Hill to hald ane Parliament,
Straitly therefore I giue commandement,
For to compeir before my Tribunall,
Under all paine and perrell that may fall.

The morrow came and Phœbus with his beams
Consumed had the milkie cloudes gray:
The ground was græne, and als as gold it glemes
With

With gralle growing goodly great and gay;
The spyce that spred to spring on every spray,
The Larke, the Hanes, and the Merle full hie,
Swetly can sing, tripping from tre to tre.

The Leopards came with crowne of massy gold,
Bearing they brought vnto that hill so bight:
With Jaspes joyned and royall Rubies rold,
And many diuerse Diamonds dight,
With power proude a paileon downe they pight,
And on that thorne there sat ane wylde Lyon,
In Rob-royall, with Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

After the tenour of the cry before,
That goes on foure-fooled beastes on eird,
As they commanded were withouten more,
Before their Lord the Lyon they appeird,
And what they were to mee as Lawrence leird,
I shall rehearse, ane part of euerie kinde,
Als farre as now occures to my minde.

The minatour, ane monster maruelous,
Bellepheront, that beast of bastardie:
The War-wolfe and the Pegase perrilous,
Transformed by assent of Sorcerie,
The Lynx the Tyger full of tyrranie,
The Elephant and the the Dromodarie,
The Camell with his cran necke forth can carie.

The Leopard as I haue tolde before,
The Antolop, the Sparth foorth could speed,
The painted Panther, and the Unicorne,
The Raynderr ran throw Riuer, ron and reid,
The jolie Gilet and the gentle Steid,
The Asse, the Mule, the Horse of euery kind,

The Dae the Rae, the horned Hart, the Hynd.
The Roule, the Reir, the Bugill and the Bair
The tame Cat, wyld Cat, & the wyld-wod-swyne,
The hard-backed Hurtchen, and the hirpland Hair;
Both Otter and Ape, and penned Porcupyne,
The guked Gate, the fillie Schape, the Swyne,
The wyld Once-the Bucke, the walterand Brock
The Fowmart with the Fibbard fourth can flocke.

The gay Grey-hund with the Sleuth-hund fourth
With Dogs all diuerse and different: (can flit
The Rutton ran, the Glebard foorth can glide.
The whirnand Whitren with the Whasell went,
The Feitho that hes furre? many sent,
The Pertrike with the Cunniug and the Con,
The Bowrabane, and eke the Lerion.

The Warmiset the Podewart could lead,
Because that Nature denyed had her sight,
Thus dressed they all foorth for dread of dead,
The Puske, the little Pouse with all her might,
With haste shee haked vnto that hill of hight,
And many kinde of beastes I could not know,
Before their Lord the Lyon lowted low.

Seeing this beastes all at his bidding bowne,
Hee gaue ane brade, and looked him about:
Then flatling at his feete they fell all downe,
For dread of death, they drouped all in doubt,
Hee looked when that hee saw them lout,
And bade them with ane countenance full sweete,
Bee not effeird, but stand vp on your feete.

I let you wit my might is mercieable,
[illegible] Reuess neme that are to mee prostrate:

Angry

Angrie, austerne, and als vnamiable,
To all that stand fray are to mine estate,
I ruge, I reave all beastes that makes debate,
Against the might of my Magnificence,
Sæ none pretend to pryde in my presence.

My Celsitude and hie Majestie.
With might and mercie shall bé mingled aye,
The lawest heart I can full soone vp hie,
And make him Master ouer you all I may.
The Dromodarie gif hee make delay,
The great Camel thought hee were neuer so crous,
I can him law as little as an Mouse.

Sæ neir be twentie myles where I am,
The Kid goe saiflie by the Gates stoy:
The Tod Lowrie lukes not to the Lambe,
No reauing beastes neither rin nor ryde.
They couched all after that this was cryed,
The Justice bade the Court for to goe hence,
The suites called, and forfault all absence.

The Panther with his painted coat armour,
Fensed the Court, as of the Law effeired,
The Tod Lawrie luked where hee could laur,
And start on fute all stonisht, and all steird,
Rycand his hair, hee cryed with ane reird,
Quaikand for dread, and sighand could hee say,
Alas this houre, alas this dulefull day.

I wate this sudden semblie that I se,
Having the points of an Parliament:
Is made to mar me mirdoers as mee,
Therefore if I mée shaw I will bee shent:
I will bee sought if I bee read absent.

To bide or flie it makes no remead,
All is alike there follou es not but dead.

Perplexed thus in heart can hee mone,
Throw falset how hee might himselfe defend:
His hude hee drew low out ouer his eene,
And winking with ane eye forth hee wend,
Clinching hee came that hee might not bee kend,
And for dreadour that hee should bee arreast,
Hee played back-hood behind from beast to beast.

O syled spriet and cankered conscience,
Before ane Roy renzeid with righteousnesse·
Blaskenned chækes and shamefull countenance,
Farewell thy fame, defiled for ay is,
The Phisnomie, the fanour of thy face,
For thy defence is foule and disfigurate,
Brought to the light, blased, blunt and blate.

Be thou attached with thift or with treason,
For misdeid wrongous and wicked say:
Thy chær changes Lawrence, thou mon luk doun
Thy worship of this world is went away:
Luke to this Tod how hee was in affray,
And flee the filth of falset I thee read,
Whereof there followes sinne and shamefull dead.

Competrand thus before their Lord and King,
In ordour set, as to their state effeird,
Of euery kinde hee gart an part forth bring,
And awfullie hee spake, and at them speird,
If there was any kinde of beast on eird,
Absent, and thereto gart them deeply sweir,
And they said none, except ane stude gray Meir.

Hee make ane message swne vpon that stude,

The Court then cryed, now se who it shall bee,
Come forth Lawrence lurking under thine huds,
A fare, mercie, loe I have but one eye,
Hurt in the head, and cruked as yee may see,
The Wolfe is better in Ambassadrie,
And mair cunning in Clergie far than I.

Kamping (hee said) goe forth bryboure baith,
And they to goe withoutten tarying,
Over rone and rute they ran together both,
And found the Peir at her meat in the morning,
Now (quod the Tod) Madame come to the King,
The Court is called, and yee are Contumax,
Let bee Lawrence (quod shee) your courtly knax.

Maistris (quod hee) come to the Court ye mon,
The Lyon hes commanded so indeed:
Sir Tod take yee the Fryedome and the Fon,
I have respyte ane yeere and yee will reed,
I can not spell (quod hee) so God mee speed,
Heere is the Wolfe ane noble Clerke at all,
And of this message hee is principall.

Hee is Autentike and a man of age,
And hes great practicke of the Chancellarie,
Let him goe loke and read your privilage,
And I shall stand and beare witnesse you by,
Where is the Respite (quod the Wolfe) in by,
Sir it is heere under mine houe well hid,
Hald up thy heill (quod hee) and so shee did.

Though he was blinded w pride yet he presumed
To luke downe low, where that her letter lay,
With that the Peir gird him upon the gumes,
And strake the Hattrel of his head away:

Half out of life there leinand downe hee lay
Alas (quod Lawrence) Lupe thou art lost,
His cunning (quod the Meir) is worthy some cost,

(Lawrence (quod shee) wilt thou luke on my letter
Sen that the Wolfe thereof nothing can winne?
No by Saint Bryde (quod hee) mee thinke it better
To sleepe in haile nor in ane hurt skin,
Ane skrow hee fand, and this was written in,
For fiue shilling I would not anes forfault him,
Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

With broken scalpe, and bludie cheekes reid,
This wretched Wolfe, weiping thus on hee went,
Of this meynie making to get remeed,
To tell the King the case was his intent,
Sir (quod the Tod) byde still vpon the bent,
And from your browes wash away the blude,
And take ane drinke, for it will doe you gude.

To fetch water this fraudfull Fore forth fure,
Slyding abacke, hee sought vnto ane syke,
On case hee mætes cumming from the Mure.
Ane trip of Lambes dansand on ane dyke.
This traitour Tod this tyrane and this Tyke,
The fattest of the flocke hee felled hes,
And eate his fill, then to the Wolfe hee gaes.

They wank together, and syn their journey take
Before the King syne knæled on their knee,
Where is your Heir Sir Tod, was Contumax?
Then Lawrence said, My Lord, speir not at mee,
Speir at your Doctour of diuinitie,
With his Ho cap can tell you well enewch,
That the Lyon and the lame they lewch.

Tell

Tell mé the caſe, now Lawrence let vs heare,
This wittie Wol e (quod hé) this Clerke of age,
On your behalfe hé bade the Heir compeare
And ſhé alledged to haue ane p;iuilage:
Come neere and ſé, and yé ſhall haue your wage,
Becauſe hé red her reſpyte plaine and well,
Yon red bonnet ſhé raucht him with her heill,

The Lyon ſaid, by yon red Cap I ken,
This tale is true, who tent vnto it takes:
The greateſt Clarkes are not the wiſeſt men,
The hurt of ane happie the other makes:
As they were crackand in this caſe and cracke,
And all the Court in mirrineſſe and gam,
In came the Zow the mother of the Lam.

Before the Juſtice on her knées ſhé fell,
Put out her plaint on this wiſe wofullie,
This harlot hurſone, and this hound of hell,
Deuored hes my Lambe full doggillie,
Within ane myle in contrair to your cry,
For Gods loue my Lord giue mé the Law,
Of this luker, with that Lawrence let draw.

Vyde (quod the Lyon) Limmer let vs ſé,
If it ſuth this ſillie Zow hes ſaid:
Ah Soueraigne, Lord, ſaue your mercie (quod hé)
My purpoſe was with him for to haue plaid,
Cauſleſſe hé fled as hee had béene affraid,
For dread of death hé duſked ouer ane Dyke,
And brack his neck, Thou lead (quod ſhe) ſals tyk.

His death by practicke may be proued eith,
Thy gorrie gumes, and thy bludie ſnyut:
The woll, the fleſh, yet ſtickes in thy teith

And that is euidence enough but doubt,
The Juſtice bade goe chœſe ane aſſiſe out,
And ſo they did, and found that hœ was falſe,
Of murther, thift, pyking and treaſon alſ.

Then bind him faſt, the Juſtice ſaid belyue,
To gipe the dowme, and take off all his claithis,
The wolfe ỳ new made Doctor could him ſchryue,
Syne foorth him led, then to the Gallous gaes,
And at the Ladder fute his leaue he taes:
The Ape was boucher, and bade him ſoone aſcend,
Syne hanged him, and thus hee made ane end.

MORALITAS.

RIght as the Mynour in his mynorall,
Faire Gold with fire may fra Copper weill win,
Right ſo vnder ane Fable figurall,
Sad ſentence men may ſeeke, and after ſyne,
As daylie doet the Doctours of Diuyne,
That to our luiing full weill can apply,
And paint their matter foorth by Poetrie.

The Lyon is the warld be likeneſſe,
To whom lowts baith Emperour and King,
And thinkes of this warld to get increaſe,
Thinkand daylie to get mair liuing,
Some for to rule, and ſom toe rax and ring,
Some gathers geir, ſome gold, ſome other gude,
To win this warld ſome worke as they were wood.

The Meir is men of gude condition,
As pilgrames walkand in this wilderneſſe,
Approvand that for gude Religion,
Their God onely to pleaſe in euery place.
Abſtracted from the warlds wratchedneſſe,
Feghtand with luſt, preſumption and pride,
And fra this world in minde are mortified.

This VVolfe likeu to Senſualitie,
when like brutall beaſtes wee doe accord:
minde all to the warldes vanitie,
o take, and loue him as our Lord,

Fra

Flee fast therefra gif thou will right remord,
Then shall reason rise, rax and ring,
And for thy saul there is no better thing.

Her huise I liken to the thought of dead,
Wilt thou remember man that thou mon die.
Thou may breake Sensualities head,
And fleshlie lust away from thee shall flee:
Fra thou begin thy mind to mortifie,
Salomon saying thou may persaue heerein,
Thinke on thine end thou shalt not gladly sinne.

This Tod I liken to temptation,
Bearand to mind many thoughts vaine,
Assaultand men by sweet perswasions,
Aye ready for to trap them in ane traine,
Yet if they see Sensuality neere slaine,
And sudden death draw neere with paines sore,
They goe aback and tempees them no more.

O Mediatour mercifull and meeke,
Thou Soueraigne Lord and King Celestiall,
Thy celsitude most humblie wee beseeke,
Vs to defend from paine and perils all,
And helpe vs vp vnto thine heauenly hall,
In glore where wee may see the face of God.
And thus ends the talking of the Tod.

The Tale of the Sheepe and the Dog.

ESope ane Tale puts in memozie,
How ane Dog because that hé was pure,
Called ane Shéepe vnto the Consistozie,
Ane certaine bread from him foz to recure:
Ane fraudful Wolf was Judge that time, and by
Authozitie and jurisdiction,
And on the Shéepe sent fozth ane Arait summon.

Foz hé the vse and curse of common style,
On this manner made this citation:
I master Wolfe partlesse of fraud and gyle.
Under the paines of hie Suspension,

Of great cursing and interdiction,
Sir Schepe I charge thee for to compeir,
And answeir to ane Dog before me heir.

Sir Corbie Rauen was made ane apparitor,
Who pyked had full many a Schapes eye.
The charge hes tane, and on the Letters bure,
Summoned the Schepe before the Wolfe, that hé,
Peremptorly within two dayes or thrie,
Compeir under the paines in this bill,
To se what Perry Dog will say thertil,

This Summonds made before witnesse anew,
The Rauen to his office well effeird,
Indorsed hes the wryte, and on hé flew,
The sillie Schepe durst lay no mouth on eird,
Till bee before the awfull Judge appeird,
The houre of cause which that the Judge vsed then
When Hesperus to shaw his face began.

The Fore was Clarke and Noter in the cause,
The Glad, the Grape at the Bar coud stand,
As Advocats, expert into the Lawes
The Dogges ply together take on hand.
Which were confederat straitly in ane band,
Against the Schepe, to procure the sentence,
Though it was false they had no conscience.

The Clerke called the Schepe, and hé was there
The Advocats on this wise could propone,
Ane certaine breid worth fine shillings or mair,
Thou aught the Dog, of whilke the terme is gone,
Of thy awne head, but Advocate allone,
The Schepe anselv gave answeir in the cace,
I decline the tyme, the Judge, the place.

This

This is the cause in motive and effect,
The Law sayes it is right perrilous
Till enter in pley before an Judge suspect:
And yit sir Wolfe hes beene right odious
To mé, for with your tuskes raueneus,
Hes slaine full many kins-men of mine.
Therefore Judge as suspect I to you decline.

And shortly of this Court yee members all,
Both Assessours, Clerke and Advocate:
To mé and mine are enemies mortall,
And ay hes beene, though I might not it lak,
The place is sarre, the tyme is desperat,
Wherefore no Judge should sit in Consistorie,
So late at euen, I you accuse for thy.

When that the Judge on this wise was accused,
Yit bade the parties chuse with ane assent,
Two Arbiters: as in the Law is vsed,
For to declare, and giue arbitriment.
Whither the Schirpe should answeir in Judgement,
Before the Wolfe, and so they did but weir,
Of whom the names afterward ye shall heir.

The Weir, the Broke the matter tuke on hand.
For to decyd, if this exception
Was of no strength, nor lawfully might stand,
And therevpon as Judges they sat downe,
And held an long while disputation,
Seeing full many decreits of the Law,
And gloses als the veritie to knaw.

Of ciuill Law volumes full many they reuolue,
The Codies and Digests new and auld:
Contrate, Prostrat arguments they reuolue.

Some abjecting, and some can hald,
For prayer or price trow ye that they wald fald,
But had the glose and text of the decreis,
As trué Judges, I be shew them that lies.

Shortly to make ane end of this debate,
The Arbiters then did sweare full plaine,
The sentence gaue, and proces fulminate,
The Sheepe should passe before the Wolfe againe,
And end his ply, then was hé nothing faine,
And fra their sentence could hé not appeill.
On Clerkes I doe giue, if this sentence be ieill.

The Sheepe againe before the Wolfe arenzied,
But Advocate abasedly could stand:
Up raise the Dog, and on the Sheepe thus plenzied,
Ane soume I payed haue before the hand,
For certaine bread, thereto ane borrow hee fand,
That wrongouslie the Sheepe did hold the bread,
Which hé denyed, and there began the plead.

And when the Sheepe the stryfe had contestate,
The Justice in the cause forth can proceede:
Lawrence the acts and the proces wrate,
And thus the ply vnto the end they spéd:
This cursed Court corrupted all for méd,
Against gude faith, law and eke conscience,
For this false Dog pronounced the sentence.

And it to put to execution,
The Wolfe charged the Sheepe without delay,
Under the paines of interdiction,
The soume of siluer, or the bread to pay,
Of this sentence, alas, what shall I say,
Which damned the sillie innocent,

And

And justified the wrongous judgement.

The Sheepe dreading more execution,
Obeying to the sentence hir could take
His way vnto ane Marchand of the Towne,
And sauld the woll that hir bure on his backe,
Syne bought the bread, and to the Dog could make
Readie payment, as it commanded was.
Naked and bare syne to the field could passe.

MORALITAS.

THis sillie Sheepe may present the figure
Of poore Commons that daylie are oppreſt,
By tyrane men whilke settes all their cure,
By false meanes to make wrongous conqueſt:
To hope this preſent life should ever last,
But all begyled, they will in short tyme end.
And after death to lastand paines wend.

This VVolfe I liken to ane Schiref stout,
VVhilke buyes ane forfault at the Kings hand,
And hes with him ane cursed affyse about,
And dytes all the poore men vpon land,
Fra the Crowner haue laid on his wand,
Though hee were true as euer was Saint Iohn,
Slaine shall hee be, or with the Iudge compone.

This Rauen I liken to ane false Crowner,
VVhilke hes an portion of ane indytement,
And passes fooreth before the justice air,
All misdoers to bring to judgement,
But looke if hee was of ane true intent,
To scrape out *Iohn*, and writ in *VVill* or *VVat*,
And so ane budde at baith the parties take.

Of this false Tod of whom I spake before,
And of this Gled what they might signifie,
Of their name as now I speake no more.
But of this Sheepe, and of this carefull cry,
I shall rehearse for as I passed by,
VVhere that hee lay, on case I luked downe,
And heard him make sair lamentation.

Alas, quod hee this cursed Consistorie,

In midſt of thee winter now is made
When Boreas with blaſtes bitterlie,
And hard froſts thir flowers downe can fade,
On banks bair now I make no bade,
And with that word to an Caue hee crape,
Fra fair weather and froſts him to hap.

Quhair for eauld, fair mournand ay amang,
Keit vp his eyes vnto the heauens hight,
And ſaid, Lord God why ſleepeſt thou ſa lang?
Wake and deſerne my cauſe grounded on right,
See how I am by fraud maſtrie and might,
Pelled full bare, and ſo is many one,
Now in this world, right wonder woe begone,

See how his curſed ſonne of Covetice,
Loſt hes both lawtie and cheis law:
Now few or nane will execute Iuſtice,
Infault of whom the pure man is ouerthrawne,
The verity ſuppoſe the Iudge it knaw,
Hee is ſo blinded with affection,
But dread for might he lets the right goe downe,

Seeſt thou not Lord this warld ouerturned is,
Let wha wald change gude gold in lead or tine,
The poore is pelled, the Lord may doe na mis,
And Symonie is halden for no ſinne:
Now is hee blyth with ocker maiſt to win,
Gentrice is ſlaine and pietie is agoe,
Alas (gude Lord) why tholes thou it ſo?

Thou thols this euen for our great offence,
Thou ſends vs trouble and plagues ſore,
As hunger, derth, weir or peſtilence,
But few amends now then life therefore,
Wee poore people as now may doe no more,
But pray to thee ſen that wee are oppreſt,
Into this earth, grant vs in heauen gude reſt.

The Tale of the Lyon and the Mouſe.

THE PROLOGVE.

midſt of Iune that ſwyet ſeaſon,
hen that faire Phœbus with lisbeames bright.

Had

Had dryed vp the dew from dall and downe,
And all the land made with his beames light,
In the morning betwixt mid day and night,
I raise and put all sleuth and sleepe aside,
And to ane wood I went alane but gyde.

Sweete are the smell of floures white and reid,
The noyce of birdes right delicious:
The Bewes braid blomed about mine head.
The ground growand with grasse gracious,
Of all pleasance that place was plenteous,
With sweete odours and birdes harmony,
The morning myld, my mirth was maire for thy,

The Roses rid arrayed on Rone and Ryce,
The Primrose and the purpour Viola:
To heare it was a point of Paradice,
Sic mirth the Mavis and the Merle could ma,
The blossomes blyth brack vp on banke and brae,
The smell of herbes and of fowls cry,
Contending who should haue the victorie,

Mee to conserue then from the Sunnes heat,
Vnder the shaddow of ane Hawthorne green
I leaned downe amang the flowers sweet,
Syne cled mine head and closed both mine eene,
On sleepe I fell among the Bewes beene,
And in my dream, I thought came throw the schaw,
The faireſt man that euer before I saw.

His gowne was of an claith as white as milke,
His chemeis was of cambler purpoure browne,
His hude of scarlet browdered well with silke,
On heckled wise vntill his girdle downe,
His bonnet round after the olde fassioun,
His head was white, his eene great and gray,
With locker hair whilke ouer his shoulders lay,

Ane roll of paper in his hand hee bare,
Ane Swane-pen stickand vnder his eare,
Ane inke horne with an prettie gilt pennarie,
Ane bage of silke all at his belt can beare,
Thus was hee gudely gathered in his geir,
Of stature large, and with ane fearefull face,
Euen where I lay hee came a sturdy pace,

And said, God speed my sonne, and I was faine,
Of that couth word, and of his companie:
With reuerence I salute him againe,
Welcome Father, and hee sat downe by mee,
Displease you not my good Master though I,
Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,
Why yee came heere, or where dwell yee at hame.

My Sonne (said hee) I am of gentle blude,
My native land is Rome withoutten nay,
And to the towne first to the Schooles I yeed,
In Ciuill Law studyed full many day,
And now my winning is in heauen for aye,
In couth and kinde to many cunning Clerkes,
Esope I height, my writing and my warke.

O Master *Esope* Poet Lawreat,
God wate yee are full deare welcome to mee,
Are yee not hee that all the Fables wrate
Which in effect suppose they feinzeit be,
Are full of prudence and Moralitie:
Fair sonne (said hee) I am the famine man,
God wait if that mine heart was merry than.

I said, *Esope* my master venerable,
I you beseeke heartly for charitie,
Yet would not disdaine to tell ane prettie Fable,
Concluding with an good Moralitie.
Shaikand his head, hee said, My Sonne let bee,
For what is worth to tell a fainzie tale,
Sen halie preaching may nothing availe.

Now in this world, me think right few or nane,
To Gods word that hes deuotion:
The eare is deafe and heart as cauld as stane,
Now open sinne withoutten correction.
The eare inclinand to the earth ay downe,
So rousticie is the warld with canker blacke,
That now my tales, may little succour make.

Yet gentle sir (said I) for my requeft.
Not to displease your Father hood I pray,
Vnder the figure of an brutall beast,
morall Fable yee would deuzie to say,

VVha wate but I may leare and beare away
Something thereby hereafter may availl,
I grant (quod hee) and thus began his tale.

The end of the Prologue, and begins the Tale.

A Ne Lyon at his prey verie forrun,
To recreat his limmes and to rest:
Baiking his breast and belly at the Sunne,
Under ane trie in the fair Forrest,
Swa came ane trip of Myce out of their nest,
Right fait and trig, all dansing in ane gyse,
And ouer the Lyon they dansed twise or thryse.

Hie lay so still, the Myce were not afeird,
But to and fro out ouer him tuke their trace,
Some tirled at the Campes of his beird,
Some spared not to claip him on the face,
Pirry and glad thus dansed they ane space,
Till at the last the noble Lyon woke,
And with his paw the maister Mouse hie tuke.

Shie gaue ane cry, and all the lane agast,
Their dansing [illegible], and bid them here and there,
Shie that was tane cryed and warped fast,
And said, alas, oft times that I came there,
Now am I tane ane woefull prisoner,
And for my gilt traistes incontinent,
Of life and death to thole the judgement.

Then spake the Lyon to the carefull Mouse,
Thou catiue wretch, and vyle vnworthie thing,
Quer malapart, and eke presumptuous
Thou was, to make out ouer mee thy trippin

Knew thou not well I was both Lord and King,
Of beastes all? Yes (quod the Mouse) I knaw:
But I misknew because yee lay so law.

Lord I beseech thy kindly Royaltie,
Heare what I say, and take in patience,
Consider first my simple powertie,
And syne thy mightie hie magnificence,
See also how thinges done of negligence,
Nether of malice nor presumption,
The rather should haue grace and remission.

Wee were repleit and had great abondance,
Of all kind thinges, sic as to vs effeird,
The sweete season prouoked vs to dance,
And make sic mirth as Nature to vs leird,
Yee lay so still, and low vpon the eird,
That by my saule wee wend yee had bene dead,
Else would wee not haue danced ouer your head.

Thy false excuse the Lyon said againe,
Shall not auaill an myte I vnder ta:
I put the case I had beene dead or slaine.
And syne my skin bene stopped full of stra.
Though thou had found my figure lying sa,
Because it bare the print of my persoun,
Thou should for feare on knees haue fallen doune.

For thy trespasse thou shall make no defence,
My noble person thus to vilipend:
Of thy feirs, nor thine owne negligence,
For to excuse, than can no cause pretend.
Therefore thou suffer shall an shamefull end.
O death, sic as to treason is decreet,
On the Gallous hanged by the feete.

No mercie Lord, at thy gentrice I as,
As thou art King of beastes coronate:
Sober thy wrath, and let it overpasse,
And make thy minde to mercie inclinate:
I grant offence his done to thine estate,
Wherefore I worthie am to suffer dead,
But in thy Kingly mercie make remead.

In every Iudge mercie and reuth should be,
As Assessours and Collaterall,
Without mercie Justice is cruelte,
As said is in the Lawes speciall,
When rigour sits in the tribunall,
The equitie of Law who may sustrene,
Right few or none but mercie gang betweene.

Also yee know the honour triumphall,
Of all victour, upon the strength depends,
Of his conquest, which manly in battell,
Throw jeopardie of their long defends.
What price or louing when the battell ends,
Is said of him that overcomes ane man,
Him to defend which neuer may nor can?

Ane thousand Mice to kill and eke deuore,
Is little manheid to ane strong Lyon:
Full little worship have yee wone therefore,
To whose strength is no comparisoun,
It will degrad some part of your renowne,
To slay ane Mouse which may make no defence?
But asking mercie at your Excellence.

Also it semes not to your Celsitude,
Which vses daylie meates delicious:
To syle your teeth or lippes with my blude,

Whilke to your stomacke is contagious,
Unhealthsome meat is of an fairie Mouse,
And that namely vnto a strong Lyon,
Wont to bée fed with gentle Venison.

My life is little worth, my death is lesse,
Yet if I liue I may peraduenture,
Supplie your Highnesse béing in distresse,
For oft is séene an man of small stature,
Reskewed hes an Lord of hie honour,
Keped that was in point to bee ouerthrowne,
Throw misfortune, sic case may bée your owne.

When this was said, the Lyon his langnage
Praised, and thought according to reason,
And great mercie his cruell yre to asswage,
And to the Mouse granted remission,
Opened his pote, and shé on knés fell downe,
And both her hands vnto the heauen vpheld,
Crying, Almightie God mot you forzeld.

When shé was gone, the Lyon held to hunt,
For her had nought but liued on his Prey.
And slew both tame and wyld as hé was wont,
And in the Countrie made an great deray:
Till at the last the people found the way,
This cruell Lyon how that they might take,
Of Hempen cords strong nets could they make.

And in an rod where hé was wont to rin,
With tapes rude from trée to trée it bant:
Syne kest ane range on raw the wood within,
With hornes blast, and kennets fast calland.
The Lyon fled, and throw the Ron rinnand,
fell in the net, and hankit fete and head,

For

for all his strength hee could make no remeade.
Maltering about with hideous ramissing,
Whiles to, whiles fra, that hee might succour get,
But all in vaine, it vailed him nothing,
The more hee slang, the faster was the net,
The rapes rude was so about him plet,
On every syde, that succour saw hee none,
But still lying, and mourning made his mone.

O lamed Lyon, liggand heere so law
Where is the might of thy magnificence?
Of whom all brutall beasts in the earth rude aw,
And dread to luke vpon thine Excellence,
But hope or helpe, but succour or defence,
In bands strong heere mon I ly alace,
Till I bee slaine, I see none other grace.

There is no way that will mine harmes wreck,
Nor Creature doe comfort to my Creun,
Who shall mee beete? who shall my bands breck?
Who shall mee put from paines of this preson?
We hee had made this lamentation,
Throw auenture the little Mouse come neir,
And of the Lyon heard the pitteous breir.

And suddenly it came into her minde,
That it should bee the Lyon did her grace:
And said, How were I false and right vnkind,
But if I quite some part of thy gentrice
Thou did to mee: and on this wise shee gaes,
To her Fellowes, and on them fast can cry,
Come helpe, come helpe, and they came all in hy.

Loe (quod the Mouse this is the same Lyon,
That granted grace to mee when I was sans)

And is now fast heere bound in a prisoun,
Breaking his heart with sore mourning and mone
But wee him helpe of succour waits hee none:
Come helpe, to quite an good turne for an other,
Goe lowse him sone, & they said yea gude brother.

They tuke no knife, their teth was sharp enough
To sa that sight, for suth it was great wonder:
How that they ran among the rapes tough,
Before, behind, some pade about, some under,
And shure the tapes of the net in sunder,
Syne bade him rise and hee start up anone,
And thanked them, syne on his wayes is gone.

Now is the Lyon free of all danger,
Lowse and delyuered to his libertie,
By little beastes of ane small power,
As yee haue heard, because that hee had pittie:
(Quod I) Master, is there ane Moralitie,
In this Fable? Yea, sonne (hee said) right gude,
I pray you sir (quod I) yee would conclude.

MORALITAS.

AS I suppose this mighty gay Lyoun,
May signifie ane Prince or Emperour,
Ane potestate, or yet a King with Croun,
Whilk should bee wakrife, gyde or gouernour,
Of his people that takes no labour,
To rule and stere the land, and justice keepe,
But lyes still in lusts slouth and sleepe.

The fare Pasture with leafes lowne and lee,
With Powdes Gaye and flowres eerly sweete,
Is but the warld and his prosperitie,
As false pleasance mingled with care repleet.
Right as the Rose with frost and winter weet,
Fades, so doeth the warld and them delaues,
Whilke to their death in sinfull conscience leaues.

This little Myce are but the Commounis,

VVanton

VVanton, vnwise without correction,
Their Lords and Princes when that they see,
Of Iustice make none execution,
They dread nothing to make rebellion,
And disobey: for whyf they stand none aw,
That garres them their Souerãignes misknaw,

By this Fable yee Lords of prudence,
May consider the vertue of pitie,
And to remit sometime an great offence,
And mitigate with mercy cruelty.
Oftimes is seene ane man of small degree,
Hes quyte an kinhuirt baith of gude and ill,
As Lord hes done rigour or grace him till.

Wha wats how soone Lords of great renowne,
Rolland in worldly lust and vaine pleasance:
May bee duerthrowne, destroyed and put downe,
Through false fortune: whilke of all variance
Is haill Master and leader of the dance,
Till vnjust men, and blindes them so sore,
That they no perrill may prouide before.

This rurall men that stented hes the net,
In whilke the Lyon suddenly was tane,
Wait d alway amends for to get,
(For hurt men writes in the Marble stane)
Mair till expound as now I let alane,
But King and Lord may well wat what I meene,
Figure heereof oftimes hes beene seene.

When this was said (quod Esope) my faire child,
I thee beseeke and all men for to pray,
That treason of this Country bee exyld,
And Iustice raigne, and Lords keepe their fay,
Vnto their Souereigne King both night and day:
And with that word bee vanishe, and I awoke
Syne throw the shaw my journey hameward tooke.

The preaching of the Swallow.

The high Prudence and working marvellous,
The profound wit of God Omnipotent:
Is so perfite, and so ingenious,
Excelland far all mens judgement:
For why: to him thinges is ay present,

Right as it is, ere any time shall bee,
Before the sight of his Divinitie.

Therefore our soule with sensualitie,
So fettered is in prison corporall,
Wee may not clearly understand nor see,
God as hee is, nor thinges Celestiall:
Our darke and deadly corps naturall,
Blindes the spirituall operation,
Like as an man were bound in prison,

In Metaphysike Aristotele sayes,
That mens soule is like ane Backes eye,
Whilke lurkes still as long as light of day is,
And in the gloming comes foorth to flee,
Her eyes are weake, the Sunne shee may not see,
So is our soule with fantasie oppress,
To know the thinges in nature manifest.

For God is in his power infinite,
And mans soule is feeble and ouer small,
Of understanding, weake and unperfite,
To comprehend him that conteines all.
None should presume by reason naturall,
To search the secrets of the Trinitie
But trow firmelie, and let all reason bee.

Yet neuertheleste wee may haue knowledging,
Of God almightie be his Creatures:
That hee is gude fair wise and bening,
Example take by their jolly floures,
Right sweet of smell, and pleasant of collours,
Some greene, some blew, some purpour whits, some (reap
Thus distribute by gift of his God-head
The Firmament painted with sterns cleare,

From

From East to West rolland in circle rounn:
And euerie planet in his proper Spheare,
In mouing making harmonie and sound:
The Fire, the Air, the Water and the Ground,
Till vnderstand it is enough I wis,
That God in all his workes wittie is,

Luke well the Fish that swimmes in the sea,
Luke well in earth, all kind of beastiall:
The fowles fair, so sorely they flee,
Sheddand the Air, with pennes great and small,
Syne looke to man, that hee made last of all,
Like to his Image and similitude,
By thir wee know that God is fair and goode.

All Creatures hee made for the behoue
Of man, and to his supportation,
Into this earth both vnder and aboue,
In nummer, weight, and dew proportion,
The difference of time, and like season,
Concordant till our opportunitie,
As daylie be experience wee may se.

The Sommer with his joly mantle greene,
With flours fair furred on euerie kent::
Whilke Flora goddesse of the floures and Queene,
Hes to that Lord, as for his season lent,
And Phoebus with his golden beames gent,
Hes purfilled, and painted pleasantly,
With heat and moysture stilland from the Sky,

Syne Harnest heat, when Ceres that goddesse,
Her barnes beined hes with aboundance:
And Bacchus god of wine renewed hes,
The toome pypes in Italy and France,

With wines wight, and liquour of pleasance,
And Copia temporis to fill her horne,
That neuer was full of wheat nor other corne.

Syne Winter wan, when austerne Eolus,
God of the winde with blastes Boreall,
The greene gatment of Summer glorious,
Hes all to rent and riuen in peices small,
The flowres fare faided with frost mon fall,
And birdes bath changed their notes full sweet,
In still mourning neir slaine, with schaw and sleet.

Thir Dales drope with dubs drowned is,
Both hill and holt hailled with frostes hair:
And Bewys beene are laised bare of blis,
Be wicked windes of the Winter wair:
All wylde beastes then from the bent bair,
Drawes for dread vnto their dennes depe,
Couching for cold in coaues them to kepe.

Syne comes Ver when Winter is away,
The Secretarie of Sommer with his Sell:
When Columbie vp kerkes throw the clay,
Which sted was before with frostes fell:
The Mauis and the Merle begins to mell,
The Larke on loft with other birdes hail,
Then drawes forth fra derne ouer doun and dail.

The same season into ane soft morning,
Right blyth that bitter blastes were agoe:
Vnto the Wood to se the floures spring,
And heare the Mauis sing and birds mo,
I passed forth, syne looked to and fro,
To se the sople that was right seasonable,
Supple, and to receiue all kynds able.

Syne

Musing thus gate, great mirth I tuke in mind,
Of labourers to se the busynesse: (winde
Some making Dyke, and some the plengh can
Some sawing seide fast from place to place:
The harrowes hopping in the sawers trace,
It was great joy to him that lovid Corne,
To se them labour both at Euen and Morne.

And as I bade vnder ane banke full bene,
In heart greatly rejoyced at that sight:
Unto an hedge vnder an Hawthorne grene,
Of small birds there came ane ferlie flight:
And downe belyne can on the leaues licht,
On euerie side about me quhere I stud,
Right marvellous ane mekill multitude.

Among the whilke ane Swallow lowd can cry,
On that Hawthorne high on the top sittand:
O ye birdes vn bewes heere mee by
Ye shall well know and wisely vnderstand,
Where danger is or perrell appearand,
It is great wisedome to provine before,
It to provide for dread it hurt you more.

Sir Swallow (quod the Lark) againe and lough,
What have ye seene that causes you to dread,
See ye yon Thistle (quod she) beyond yon plough,
Fast sawand Hempe and good Linget seide
Yon Line will grow in little time in deid,
And thereof will yon Thistle nets make:
Vnder the which bee thinkes vs to take.

Therefor I read vs passe when he is gone,
At Euen with our nailes sharpe and small,
Out of the Earth scrape wee yon seid anone,

And eat it vp: for if it growes wæ shall.
Haue cause to wæpe hereafter one and all,
Wæ wæ remeid therefore forth with instance,
Nam levius lædit quicquid prævidimus ante.

For Clarkes sayes it is not sufficient,
To consider that is before thine eye,
But prudence is ane inward argument,
That garres ane man prouide and foresæ,
What gude, what euill is likely for to bæ,
Of euery thing behold the finall end,
And so from perrell the better him defend.

The Lark laughing, the Swallow thus could scorn
And said thæ fished long before the net:
The Wairne is eith to huske that is vnborne,
All growes not that in the ground is set,
The necke to stoupe when it the stroke shall get,
Is sone eneugh: death on the fayest fall,
Thus scorned they the Swallow ane and all.

Despysing thus her hailsome document,
The fowles ferlie tuke their flight anone:
Some with ane bir they brayped ouer the bent,
And some againe are to the græne wood gone,
Vpon the Land where I was left alone,
I tuke my club, and home-ward could I carie,
So ferlying as I had sæne ane Fary.

Thus passed forth till Iune that joly tide,
And sæds that were sawne of before:
Were growne hie, that Paires might them hyde:
And als the Quailzie craikand in the corne,
I moued forth betwixt mid-day and morne,
Into ane berge vnder the Hawthorne græne,

Where

Where I before the said birdes had séne.
And as I stude by aduenture and case,
The samine birdes as I haue said you aire:
I hope because it was their hanting place,
Pair of succour, or yet mair solitare,
They lighted downe, and when they lighted were,
The Swallow swyeth put forth a pitteous pyme,
Said, Woe is him can not beware in tyme.

O blinded birdes and full of negligence,
Unmindfull of your owne prosperitie,
Lift vp your sight, and take good advertance,
Luke to the Lint that growes on yon lie,
Yon is the thing I had forsuith that wee
While it was séed, should rute forth of the eird,
Now it is Lint, now it is hie on breird.

Goe yet while it is tender and so small,
And pull it vp, let it no more increse:
My flesh grienes, my bodie quaikes all:
Thinking on it I may not slape in peis.
They cryed all and bade the Swallow ceis,
And said, yon Lint hereafter will doe gude,
For Linget is till little birdes fude.

Wee thinke when that yon Lint-bowes are ripe
To make vs feast, and fill vs of the séde:
Maugre yon Churle, and on it sing and pipe,
Well (quod the Swallow) friendes hardlie bide,
Doe as yee will, but certaine sore I dreed,
Hereafter ye shall finde als sowre as wréke,
When yee are spelded on yon Churles speet.
The aigner of that Lint a Fowler is,
Right cautelous, and full of subtilitie:

This Prey full seldome times will bee mis,
But if wee birds all the water be:
For many of kinde hes our hee gart die,
And thought it but a sport to spill their blude,
God kepe me from him and the holy Rude.

Thir small birdes hauing but little thought,
Of perill that might fall by auenture:
The counsell of the Swallow set at nought,
But take their flight and foorth together fure.
Some to the Wood, some marked to the Mure
I take my tak when this was said and done,
And walked home for it drew neere the noone.

The Link ryped, the Churle pulled the Lyne,
Ripled the bolles, and in beites it set:
It keped in the burne, and dryed syne,
And with ane beittel knocked it and bet,
Syne swyngled it well, and heckled in the flet:
This wise it span and twinde it into threde,
Of whilke the Fowlar nettes made in deede.

The Winter came, the wicked wind can blaw,
The woods greene were wallowed with the wet:
Both firth and fell with frostes were made law,
Mankes and flaik made sliddrie with the fleet:
The Fowles faire for falt they fell off feete,
On bewes bare it was no but to byde,
But byed into houles them to hyde,

Some in the barne, some in the stacke of corne,
Their lodging take, and made them prouence,
The Fowlar saw and great oathes hes sworne,
They should bee tane truelie for their expence:
Hes nets hes hee set with diligence.

And

And in the snow hee shulled hes ane plaine,
And heilled it all ouer with caffe againe.

Thir small birdes seing the caffe were glad,
Trowing it had bene corne, they lighted downe,
But of the nets no presume they had,
Nor of the Fowlars false intentioun.
To scrape & sacke their meit they made them bown
The Swallow on an little branch neir by,
Dreading for guyle, thus lowde on them could cry

Into that caffe, scrape, while your nailes bleid,
There is no corne yee labour all in vaine,
Trow yee yon Churle for pittie will you feid:
Na, na, hee hes it heere laid for ane traine,
Remowe y reed, or else yee will bee slaine;
His nets hee hes set full priuilie.
Readie to draw time in beware for thy.

Great foole is hee that puts in danger
His life, his honour for a thing of nought:
Great foole is hee that will not gladly heare,
Counsell in tyme, while it auaile him mought,
Great foole is hee that hes nothing in thought,
But thinges present, and after what may fall,
Nor of the end hes no memoriall.

Thir small birds for hunger famisht neere,
For busie scraiping for to sacke their fude:
My counsell of the Swallow would not heir,
Sorrow ose their labours did them little gude,
When thee their foolish heartes vnderstude,
So inurate, vp in an tree thes flew,
With that this Churle ouer them his nets drew.

Alas, it was great peart for to se,

That bludie boucher beat thir birds downe,
And for to heare, when they knew well to die,
Their carefull song and lamentatioun,
Some with a staffe he strake to earth on swoun,
Of some the head he strak, of some he brak ȳ craige
Some halfe alive he stopped in his bag.

And when the Swallow saw ȳthey were dead,
Loe(quod shee) thus it happens many sayes:
Of them that will not take counsell, nor read
Of prudent men, nor Clerkes that are wise.
This great perrell I tolde them more nor thrise,
Now they are dead, and woe is mee therefore,
Shee tooke her flight, but I saw her no more.

MORALITAS.

LO worthie folke, Esope that noble Clarke,
An poet worthie to bee Laureat:
When that he vaked fra mair autentik wark,
With other ma, this foresaid Fable wrat,
Whilke at this time may well bee applicat,
To gude morall edification,
Having an sentence according to reason.

This Churle and bond of gentrice spoliat,
Sawand this caffe thir small birds to sla:
It is the Fiend, whilke from the Angelike state,
Exyled is, as false Apostata:
Whilke day and night weiries not for to ga,
Sawand poyson in many wicked thought,
In mans soul whilk Christ full deare hes bought.

And when the saul is fled into the sin,
Giues consent vnto delection,
The wicked thought beginnes for to breird,
In deadly sinne, whilke is damnation.
Reason is blinded with affection,
And carnall lustes growes full greene and gay,
Throw consuetude haunted from day to day.

Proceeding fourth by vse and consuetude,
The sin ripes and shame is set on fast:

The

The Fiend plets his nets sharpe and rude,
And vnder pleasance priuily does hide,
Syne on the field hee sawes casse full wyde,
Whilke is but toome and very vanity,
Of fleshlie lust and vane prosperity.

This hungerie birdes wretches wee may call,
Aye scraiping in this world vaine pleasance,
Greedie to gather goods temporall,
Whilke as the casse are toome without substance
Little of availe, and full of varience,
Like to the mow before the face of winde,
VVhilkes away and makes wretches blind.

This Swallow whilke escaped hes the snare,
The holy Preacher well may signifie,
Exhortand folke to wake and aye bee ware,
From Nets of our wicked enemie,
VVha sleepes not but euer is readie,
VVhen wretches in this world casse doth scrape,
To draw his Net that they may not escape.

Alas, what care, what weeping and what woe?
When saul and bodie parted is in twaine:
The bodie to the wormes Kitching goes,
The saul to fire and euerlasting paine,
What helpes then this casse, this gudes vaine,
VVhen thou art put in Lucifers bag,
And brought to hell and hanged be the craig?

This hid Nets for to persaue and see,
This sarie casse wisely to vnderstand,
Best is be ware, in maist prosperitie,
For in this world there is nothing lastand,
Is na man ware how long his state will stand,
His life will last, nor how that hee shall end,
After his death nor whither hee shall wend.

Pray wee therefore while wee are in this life,
For foure thinges. The first from sin remove:
The second is from all weir and Strife.
The thrid is perfit Charitie and Loue,
The fourth thing is and maist for our behoue;
That is in bleese with Angels to be fellow.
And thus endes the preaching of the Swallow.

The Tale of the Wolfe that gat the necke herring throw the wrinkes of the Foxe that beguiled the Gaiger.

SOmetime there winned in an Wildernesse,
(As mine Author expressie can declare)
Ane reauand Wolfe that lived vpon purches,
On bestiall, and made him well to fare.
Was none so big about him bee would spare,
If bee were hungrie either for fauour or feard,
But in his wrath bee worried them to dead.

So hapned him in watching as bee went
To meete ane Fore in midis of the way:
Bee him foresaw, and feirzed to bee shent,
And with ane becke bee bade the Wolfe gude-day,
Welcome to mee (quod bee) thou Russel gray.
Syne lowted downe, and tooke him by the hand,
Rise vp Lawrence I lieue thee for to stand.

Where hast thou beene this season from my sight?
Thou shall beare office, and my steward bee,
For thou can knap downe Capons on the night,
And lowring low thou can gar Hennes die,
Sir (said the Fore) that ganes not for mee,
And I am reede if they sie mee on far,
That at my figure beastie and bird will scar.

No (quod the Wolfe) thou can in couert creepe,
Vpon thy wombe, and bint them by the head,
And make ane sudden schew vpon ane sheepe,
Syne with thy wapins wirrie him to dead.
Sir (said the Fore) yee know my tobe is read:
And therefore there will no beast abyde mee,
Though I would bee so faire as for to byde mee.

Yes (quod the Wolfe) thy tow hurlies thy thow hap

La

Law can thou lowze to come to thine intent,
Sir (said the Fore) yee wate well how it goes,
Are long spaces from them they will fall my sent,
They will not scape, suppose I should bee them,
And I am shamefull for to come behind them,
Into the field, though I should sleeping find them.

No (quod the Wolfe) thou can come on the wind,
For everie wrinke forsuith thou has ane wyle:
Sir (said the Fore) that beastie yee may call blind,
That might not escape then from me ane myle,
How might I ane of them that thayes beguile?
My tipped two eares and my two gray eine,
Garres mee bee kend where I was never seene.

Then (said the Wolfe) Lawrence I hear thy tale,
And rattes for perils thy ginnes for to defend.
But all thy sorties shall not quail thee,
About the bus with wayes though thou wend,
Falset will failzie aye at the latter end:
Ed bow at bidding, and bide not while thou bast,
Therefore I give thee counsell for the best.

Sir (said the Fore) it is Lenten yee see,
And I can neither fish with huke nor net:
To take ane dainteth, though we both should die,
I have none other craft to win my meat.
But were it Paske that men might poultrie eate,
As Kids, Lambes, or Capons into pie,
To beare your office, then would I not lye by.

Then said the Wolfe, in wrath, seeing thou wilt
And with thy mony mowes mee to mate: (myte
It is ane olde Dog doubtlesse that thou begyles,
Then weines to dzaw the fra before the Mat.

Sir (said the Fore) God wait I meane not that.
For and I did, it were well worth that yee,
In ane red raip had tyed me till an tree.

But now I see he is ane foole perfay,
That with his master falles in reasoning:
I did but till assay what yee would say,
God wait my minde was on ane other thing,
I shall fulfill in all thinges your bidding,
What euer yee charge on nights or on dayes,
Well (quod the Wolf) I heare wel what thou sayes

But yet I will thou make to me ane aith,
For to bee leill attour all liuing leid,
Out (said the Fore) that ane word maks me wraith,
For now I see yee haue at mee ane dread,
Yet shall I sweir, suppose it bee nought need.
By Iupiter, and on paines of mine head,
I shall bee trew to you, whill I bee dead.

With that a Cadgear, with capill & with creils,
Came carping forth, then Lawrence could him spy,
The Fore the flewer of the fresh Herring feils,
And to the Wolfe hee roundes priuily,
Sir, yon are Herring the Cadgear caries by,
Therefore I reid, that wee see for some wayes,
To get some fish against this fasting dayes.

Sen I am Stewart, I would wee had some stuffe,
And yee are stiuer-seike I wate right well:
Though wee would thig, yon verie Churlish chuffe,
Wee will not giue vs ane Herring of his Creill,
Before yon Churle on knees though we would kneil,
But yet I trow alsome that yee shall see,
I haue craft to bleir yon Carles Ee.

Of

Sir, ane thing is, and wee get of yon pelfe,
Wee mon make trauell, and make vs some supplie,
For hee that will not labour, and helps him selfe,
Into thir dayes hee is not worth a flee,
I thinke to worke als busie as a Bee,
And ye shall follow a little afterwart.
And gadder Herring for that shall bee your part.

With that hee cast ane compasse farre about,
And straught him downe in miss of the way:
As hee were dead, hee fenzeit him but dout,
And then vpon length vnlikelie lay,
The whyte he turned vp of his Eene tway,
His tongue out hang ane hand-braid of his head,
And still hee lay, as straught as hee were dead.

The Cadgear fand the Fore, and hee was faine,
And to himselfe thus softly could hee say.
At the nert bayte in faith yee shall bee slaine,
And of your skinne I shall make Mittaines tway,
Hee lap full lightly about him where hee lay,
And all the trace hee tripped on his taes,
As hee had heard a Pyper play hee gaes.

Heere lyes the Deuill (quod hee) dead at a dyke,
Sic an selcouth saw I not this seuen yeere:
I trow yee haue beene tusselled with some tyke,
That garres you ly so still without on steir,
Sir Fore in faith yee are deir welcome heir.
It is some wyues malisoun I trow,
For Poultrie pyking that lighted hes on you.

There shall no Pedder, for purse nor yet for gluife
Nor yet for points, pyke your pellet from mee,
I shall of it make mittaines to my luifes,

Till hold mine handes hote where euer I bée,
Till Flanders shall it neuer saile the Sea,
Withy that in hy hée hint him by the hailles.
And with an swacke he swang him on the Creilles.

Syne by the head the horse in hy hes hint,
The fraudfull Fore thereto gude tent hes tane,
And with his teeth the stoppell o; hee stint,
Pulled out, and syne the Herring ane and ane,
Out of the Creilles hée swacked downe gude wane,
The Wolfe was wate and gathered spædily,
The Cadgear sang, Hunts, vp, vp vpon hie.

Yet at ane burne the Cadgear luked about,
With that the Fore lap quite the Creilles fra:
The Cadgeare would haue raucht the Fore a rout,
But all for nought, hir wane his hole that day.
Then with an shout the Cadgear thus can say,
Abide and thou ane necke-Herring shalt haue,
Is worth my capill, creilles, and all the laue.

Now (quod the Fore) I shrew me and we mæt:
I hard what thou begh to doe with my skin:
Thine hands shall neuer in these mittaines tak hæt,
And thou were hanged Carle and all thy kin:
Dop sworth thy mercate, at mee thou shalt not win,
And tell thine Herring thou hall there till hie price,
Ose thou shall win nought on thy merchandice.

The Cadgear trimbled for teine where ý hée stode
It is worthie (quod he) I want yon Tyke,
That had not in mine hand so meikle gude,
As staffe o; sting, yon trooker for to stryke,
With that lightly hee lape out ouer ane Dyke,
hacked downe ans traine, for hee was tame.

Thus

That heavie was, and of the Holine greene.
With that the Fore vnto the Wolfe could wend
And fand him by the Herring where he lyes,
Sir (said hee then) made I not fair defend,
Ane wight man wanted neuer, and hee were wise,
Ane hardie heart is hard for to suppryse.
Then (said the Wolf) thou art a bairne full bold,
And wise at will, in good time be it told.

But what was yon the Carle cryed on hie,
And shake his hand (quod he) hast thou not fell?
Sir (said the Fore) that can I tell truely,
Hee said the neck-herring was in the Creill:
Kennes thou that Herring? Yea sir I ken it well,
And at the Creill mouth I had it thrise but doubt,
The weight of it nere take my tuskes out.

No surely sir, might we that Herring fang,
It would to vs be fish thir fourtie dayes:
Then said the Wolfe, How Goo no? that I hang,
But to be there I would giue all my claithes,
To see if that my wapins might it raise.
Sir (said the Fore) God wat I wished you oft,
When that my pith might not beare it on loft.

It is ane syde of Salmond as it were,
And collour, pying like ane Pertricke eye:
It is worth all the Herring yee haue there,
Yea, and wee had it so, it is worth six thre:
Then (said the wolfe) what counsell gines thou me?
Sir (said the Fore) worke after my deuise,
And ye shall haue it, and take you no suppryse.

First ye mon call a compasse far about,
Syne straught you downe in middest of the way,

Both head and fæte, and taill yee mon streik out,
Hing foorth your tong, & close weill your æne tway
Syne see your head on an hard place yæ lay:
And dout not for nopersell may appeir,
But hold you close, when that the Carle comes neir

And though yæ se an staffe, haue yee no dout,
But hold you wonder still into that steid,
And luke your æne bee close, as they were out,
And se that yee thanke nouther sute, nor head,
Then will the Cadgear Carle trow yee bæ dead,
And intill haste will hint you by the heilles,
As hee did mæ, and swacke you on his creilles.

Now (quod the Wolfe) I sweir thee by my thrift,
I trow yon Cadgear Carle dow not mee beire.
Sir (said the Fore) on loft hee will you lift,
Upon his Creilles, and doe him little deir,
But ane thing dare I sa.thly to you sweir,
Get yæ that Herring sicker in some place.
Yee shall not fare in fishing moze whill Pasche.

I shall say in principio vpon you,
And crosse your corpes from the tope, to the tay,
Mend when yee will I dar bee warrand now,
That yee shall die no sudden death this day.
With that the Wolfe gird vp some and to gay,
And cast ane compasse about the Cadgear sar,
Syne straught him in the gate or hæ come nar.

Hee laid his halse heid sicker hard and sad,
Syne straught his foure fæt from him and his head
And hang his tongue euen as the Fore him bad,
As still hee lay as hee were verie dead.
Reckand nothing of his sauour or feau,

But

ut euer vpon the Neck-herring hee thinkes.
nd quyte forgets the Fore and all his wrinkes.

With that the Cadgear wauering as the wind.
Came rydand on the lade, for it was light.
Lyinkand aye on the Fore that was behinde,
Vpon what wise reuenge him best hee might:
And at the last of the Wolfe gat ane sight,
Where hee in length lay streiked in the gait,
But if hee lighted downe or not God wate.

Softlie hee said, I was begyled ence,
Bee I begyled twyse, I shrew vs baith,
That euill but it shall light vpon thy bones,
Hee should haue had that hes done mee the skaith.
On bright hee bowed the staffe, for hee was wraith,
And dit him with sic will vpon the heid,
Whill neir hee swooned, and swelt into that steid.

Thee battes hee bure, or hee his fet might find,
But ere the Wolfe was wight, and wan away,
Hee might not see, hee was so derke blind,
For yet wist reddilie quhither it was night or day,
The Fore beheld that seruitore where hee lay,
And leugh on loft when hee the Wolfe so sees,
Both deise and dosened fall swouning on his knees.

Hee that of reason can not bee content,
But couets all is able all to tyne,
The Fore when that hee saw the Wolfe was shent
Said to himself, thir Herring shall bee mine,
I lie, or else hee was afterward tyne,
That found sic wayes his matter for to grieue,
With all the fish thus Lawrence tuke his lieue.
The Wolfe was neir weill dung vnto the deid.

That charcelie with his life away he wan:
For with the batton well broken was his head,
The Foxe into his den sone drew him then,
That had betrayed his master and the man:
The one wanted the Herring off the Creilles,
The others blude was running ouer his heiles.

MORALITAS.

THis Tale is mingled with Moralitie,
As I shall shew to the what ere that I ceasse,
The Foxe vnto the worldis may likned bee,
The reuaind Wolfe into an man but lies,
The Cadgear death, whom vnder all men preis,
That euer take life, throw course of kind mon die,
As men and beast, and fishe into the sey,

The warld yee wate is fewart to the man,
Whilke maker man to haue no kind of dead:
But sets for winning all the craftes they can:
The Herring I likken vnto the gold so read,
VVhilke gart the VVolfe in peril put his head,
Right so the gold gaires lordis and cities,
VVith warre bes wasted daylie as men sees.

And as the Foxe with dissimulance and gaykes
Gart the VVolfe wene to haue worship for euer,
Right so this world with vaine glore for a whyle,
Flatters with follie as they should failzie neuer:
Yet suddenly men sees it ofte disseuer,
VVith them that trowes ofe to fill the sacke,
Death comes behind and nips them by the necke.

The inche of gold makes many men so blind,
That sets on anarice their felicitie:
Then they forget the Cadgear comes behind:
To Reyke them, of what state so euer they bee,
VVhat is it vnto darke thay blind prosperitie,
VVherefore I counsell mightie men to minde,
On the auld harning interpret in his rinde,

A Elders dayes as Esope can declare,
There was an Husband that had ane plough to
his vse was aye in morning to ris airc, (tear,
so hapned him in Streiking tyme of yeir,
Airlis in the morning to follow forth his feir,
Into the plough, but his Gay-man and he,
His flots, hee straught with Benedicite.

The caller cryed: How, haike vpon hight,
Hald straught my dowes, syne syved them sul fair,
The Oxen was vnused, young and light,
And for fearcemelie they could tyr sure forstraire,
The Husband then wore angrigas an Hair,
Syne cryed, and cast his pattoll and great flanes,
The Wolfe (quoth hee) mot haue you all at anes.

But yet the Wolfe was neuer nor her wend,
For in ane hailh hee lay and Lawrence haith,
In ane rough Rone was at the fures end,
And heard the feight: then Lawrence leugh full raith
To take von hud (quod he) it were no skaith,
Well (quod the Wolf) I hecht the by mine hand,
Pon Tarles word as hee were King chall Rand.

The Oxen waxed meire rebellcat the last,
Syne after they louted fra that it wrought well late,
The Husband homeward trilly his cattell past,
Then come the Wolfe rame hirpling in his gate,
Before the Oxen and schupe to make debate:
The Husband saw him, & wrought some deil aganes,
And backward with his beastes would haue past.

The wolf said, Whither dryues thou this Prey
challenge it, for none of them are thine:
Ie maun therefore, was in an fellown Rage,

And soberlie the Wolfe answered syne,
Sir by my soule thir Ores all are mine:
Therefore I studie why yee should stop mé,
Sen that I fanited neuer to you truelie.

The Wolf said. Carle gaue thou not mée this drift
Airlie, when thou was erand on yon banke?
And is there ought sayes thou, frée nor gift:
This tarying will tyne thée all thy thanke,
Far better is freelie for to giue ane planke,
Nor bee compelled on force to giue ane marke,
Fy on the frædome that comes not with an heark.

Sir (quod the Husband) an man may say in grief
And syne gainesay, ha bee auise and sée:
I beght to steill. am I therefore an Theife?
God forbide sir, all beghts should holden bée,
Gaue I mine hand, or obliging (quod bee)
Or haue yee witnesse, or write for to shawe?
Sir reaue mee not, but goe and seeke the Lawe.

Carle (quod the Wolfe) a Lord and bee bee leil,
What thinkes for shame or doubts to be reproued,
His saw is aye as sicker as his seile,
Fy on the Lád that is not Leill and loued:
Thine argument is false and ehe confused,
For it 's said in prouerbe but Lawtie,
All other vertewes are not worth an flee.

Sir (said the Husband) remember of this thing,
An leil man is not tane at halfe his tale:
I may say and gaine say, I am no king.
Where is your witnes that heard I beght them hail
Then said the Wolfe therefore it shall not faill,
Lawrence (quod hee) come hither off that shaw,

ad say nothing, but as thou heard and saw.
Lawrence come lowand for he loued neuer light
And sone appeared before them in the place:
The man leught nothing when hee saw that light.
Lawrence (quod the Wolfe) thou mō declair the cais
Thereof wee shall shaw the suth in short space,
I call on thes leil witnesse for to beare,
What heard thou this man beght me not long eare

Sir (quod the Tod) I cannot hastelie,
So sone as now giue the sentence finall:
But would yee baith submit you heere to mee,
To stand at my decreit perpetuall,
To please both I should preiue if it may fall,
Well (quod the Wolfe) I am content for mee,
The man said, so am I how euer it bee.

Then shew they foorth their allegeance but fable
And both proponed their pley to him complete,
(Quod Lawrence) now am I an Iudge amiable,
Yee shall bee sworne to stand at my decreit,
Whither heereafter yee thinke it sowre or sweit,
The Wolfe braid foorth his sute, the Man his hād
And on the Tods tale sworne they are to stand.

Then tuke the Tod the Man foorth to an side,
And said to him friend thou art in blunder brocht:
The Wolfe will not forgiue thee an Ore byde,
Yet would my selfe faine helpe thee and I mought,
But I am laith to hurt my conscience ought,
Tyne no thy querrell in thine owne defence,
This will not throw but great cost and expence.

Seest thou not buds beirs bairnes throw,
And gifts gars crucked matters hold full euen:

Sow

Sometimes an hen holds a man in a hold,
All are not holy that heaues their handes to heauen,
Sir (said the man) yee shall haue fare of seauen
Night of the fattest hennes of all the flocke,
I compt not all the laue, leaue me the Cocke.

I am an Iudge (quod Lawrence) then and leugh
There is no buds should beare me by the right,
I may take hennes and Capons well enough,
For God is gone to sleepe as for this night:
Sic small thinges are not seene in his sight,
Thir hens (quod he) shall make my quarrell sure,
With emptie hand no man should halkes lure.

Conforrant thus, then Lawrence tuke his leue,
And to thee Wolfe he went into an ling,
Syne priuily hee plukt him by the sleeue.
Is this in earnest (quod he) yee aske sic thinge
Na by my soule I trow it bee in bathing.
Then said the wolfe, Lawrence why sayes thou sa?
Thou heard the heght thy selfe that he could ma.

The heght (quod he) yon man made at the pleugh,
Is that the cause why yee the cattell crane?
Halfe into bething (said Lawrence) then and leugh,
Sir by the Rude vnderstood now yee rane.
The deuill a stirke taile therefore shall ye haue,
Wouls I take it vpon my conscience,
To pose so peace a man as yon offence?

Yet haue I commoned with the Carle (quod he)
We are conforrit vpon this cunnad:
Quite of all clames so yee make him free,
I shall an Tarbh haue into your hand,
At se an shall not be in all this land.

For

for it is Summer chæs both freſh and faire,
Hæ ſayes it weis ane ſtane and ſome deill mair.

Is that thy counſell (quod the Wolfe) I doe,
That yon Carle for an Cabok ſhould beetrae?
Yea, by my ſoule and I were ſwoꝛne you to,
Yæ ſhould none other counſell haue for mæ:
For gang yæ to the maiſt extremitie,
I will not win you woꝛth a widdered neꝛp,
Sir trow yee not I haue a ſaule to keepe.

Well (quod the Wolfe) it is againſt thy will,
That yon Carle for a Caboke ſhould goe quite:
Sir (quod the Tod) yæ take it in none ill,
For by my ſoule your ſelfe had all the wite.
Then ſaid the Wolfe I bid na mair to flite,
But I would ſee yon Cabok of ſic pꝛyes.
Sir ſaid the Tod, hæ told mæ where it lies,

Then hand in hand they held vnto an hill:
The Husband to his houſe hes tane the way:
For hæ was faine hee ſcaped from their ill.
And on his feete woke the dæe while day,
Now will wæ turne vnto the other tway,
Thꝛow woods waſte thir frekes on fute can fair,
From buſ to buſ, whille neare mid-night and mair.

Lawrence was euer remembꝛing vpon wiinkes,
And ſubtilties the Wolfe for to begyle:
That hæ had beght an Caboke hee ſuſpinkes,
Yet at the laſt hæ finds foꝛth a wyle,
Then at himſelfe ſoftly could hæ ſmyle.
The Wolfe ſaid, Lawrence thou playes hilly blint
Wæ ſeeke all night, but nothing can wæ finde.
Sir ſaid the Tod, wæ are at it ehnaſt,

Soft you a little and yee shall see it soone,
When to an Hanor place they hyed in haste,
The night was light and pennie full the Moone,
The to the draw-well thir signeours past but bone
Where that two buckets seuerall suithlie hang.
As one came vp, the other downe would gang.

The shadow of the Moone shune in the Well,
Sir said Lawrence, once ye shall finde mee leil:
Now see yee not the Caboke well your sell,
White as an neep, and round as any seill,
Hee hang it ponder that no man should it steill,
Sir traist ye well, yon Caboke yee se hing,
Might bee an present to a Lord or King.

Na (quod the Wolfe) might I yon Caboke haue,
On the dry land as I it ponder see,
I would quyte-clame the Carle of all the laue,
His part then I compt them not a flee:
Yon were mair meate for sike a man as mee:
Lawrence (quod he) leap in the Bucket soone,
And I shall hald the an while thou haue doone.

Lawrence gird downe both soone and subtilie,
The other bade abone and held the steill:
It is so meikle quod Lawrence it matters mee,
On all my taes it hes not left an naill,
Yet mon make helpe, vpward and it haill
Leape in the other Bochet hastely,
And come downe soone and make mee some supplie.

Then lightly in the Bucket lap the Lowne,
His weight but weir the other end gart rise,
The Tod come hailing vp, the Wolfe went downe
Then angerly the Wolfe vpon him cryes,

I command thus downe wyp thou vpward pres:
Sir quoo the Lod, thus faires it of Foztoun:
As one goes vp, shee wheiles an other downe.

Then to the ground sone yeed the wolfe in haist
The Lod lay on land as blyth as any bell:
And lett the Wolfe in water to the waist,
Who hailed him out I wate not of the well,
Heere ends the tert. I haue no moze to tell,
Yet men may finde a good Mozalitie,
In this sentence, though it an Fable bee.

MORALITAS.

THis VVolfe I licken to ane wicked man,
Whilke does the poore oppresse in euerie place,
And pykes at them all quarrels that hee can:
Bp rigour, reafe, and other wickednesse,
The Foxe the Fiend I call into this cace.
A stand like man to rin vnrighteous rinkes,
Thinkand therethrow to locke him in his lokes.

The Husband may bee called an godly man,
With whom the Fiend fault finds, as Clarkes reids,
Busie to tempt him with all the wayes hee can,
The hens are warkes that fra sinne faith proceids,
Where like sprouts spreds the euill spreit there not speids,
But swends vnto the wicked man againe,
That hee hes tint his trauaill is full vnfaine.

The woods waste wherein was the wolfe wyld,
Are wicked riches whilke all men gapes to get:
Whairvnto sik troysterisis are oft begyld,
For Mammon may bee called the Deuills net,
Whilke Satanas for all sinfull hes set,
VVith proud pleasure wha lets his trust therein,
But speciall grace lightly can nee out win.

The Caboke may bee called Couetice,
VVhilke bloomes braid in euery mans eyne
VVa worth the Well of that wicked vice,
For all is but fraude and fantasie.

Deuoured like man to skip in the butterie,
That downeward drawes vnto the pane of hell,
Christ keepe all Christians from that wicked well.

The Tale of the Wolfe and the Wedder.

SOme time there was (as Esope can repeat)
A shepheard dwelling by a foxrest neir,
Whilke had one hound that did him great comfort
Full ware he was to wake his fauldfast weir,
That neither wolfe nor Wyld-cat durst appeir,
Nor Fox on field, nor yet none other beast,
But hee them slew, or chased at the least.

So happened it (as euerilk beast vpon die)
This hound of sudden seikneſſe to bee deid.
But then (God wait) the keiper of the ſie,
For verie woe wore wanner nor the weid,
Allace (quod hee) now ſie I no remeid,
To saue the ſillie beaſtes that I kepe,
For wite the Wolfe, wirried beis all my ſhepe.

It would haue made an haill heart ſore to ſie,
The ſillie ſhepheards lamentation:
Now is my Darling dead alas (quod hee)
For now to beg my bread I may bee bowne,
With pyk-ſtaffe and with ſcripe to faire off towne,
For all the beaſtes beſore that bandoned beene,
Will ſhute vpon my beaſtes with yre and teene.

With that an Wedder wightlie wan on ſute,
Maſter, quod hee, make merry and be blyth:
To breake your heart for haill it is no bute,
For a dead Dog, yee no care on you kyth,
Goe fetch him hither and flea his ſkin off ſoyth,
Syne ſow it on mee, and luke that it bee meit,
A head and Craig, haide, taill and feete.

Then

hen will the Wolfe trow well that I am hé,
Fo; I shall follow him fast where euer hee fair,
All haill the cure I take it vpon mé,
Your sheepe to kæpe at mid-day fait and nir.
And hé persew, by God I shall not spaire,
To follow him, as fast as did your Dog,
Swa that I warrand, yee shall not want ane Hog.

Then said the Shæpheard, this came of an gude
Thy counsell is both sicker, leil and trew. (wit
Who sayes ane sheepe is daft, they lie of it.
With that in hy the Dogges skinne off hee fleiu,
And on the shæpe right softly could it sew,
Then wo;th the Wedder wanton of his weid.
Now of the Wolfe (quod hee) I haue no d;eid.

In all thinges hee counterfait the Dog,
Fo; all the night hee stude and tuke no sleepe,
Swa that weill long there wanted not ane Hog;
So war hee was, and wakrife them to keepe,
That Lawrence durst not luke vpon ane sheepe,
Fo; and hee did, hee followed him so fast,
That of his life hee made him all agast.

Was neither Wolfe, Wyldcat, no; yet Tod,
Durst come wit hin thay bounds all about,
Bot hee would chase him both th;ow rough & smo;,
Thay baitefull beists had of sprit lines like naught,
Fo; hee was meekle, and seemed to bee stout,
That euerilke beast there d;ed him as the deid,
Within that Wood that none durst hold their heid.

Yet happened there an hungerie Wolfe to ride,
Bot th;ow his sheepe, where they lay on an lie.
I shall haue one (quod hee) what euer betyde

F Than

Though I bee werryed for hunger or I die,
With that an Lambe intill his cluke hint hee,
The laue ſtart vp for they were all agaſt,
But God wat if the Wedder followed faſt.

Went neuer Hound more haſtely from the hand,
When hee was cinnand maiſt rackly at the Rae:
Nor went this Wedder baith throw Mos & ſtrand,
And ſtopped nouther at banke, bus nor brae,
But followed ay ſo fiercely on his tae,
With ſik ane dirſt whill duſt & dirt ouerdraue him,
And made a vow to God that hee ſhould haue him.

With that the Wolfe let out his taile on length,
Fra hee was hungrie, and it drew neir the euen,
And ſhape him for to rin with all his ſtrength,
Fra hee the Wedder ſo neir cummand had ſeene,
Hee dred his life, and hee ouertane had beene,
Therefore hee ſpared nouther bus nor bog,
For well hee kend the keinnelle of the Dog.

To make him light, hee caſt the Lambe him fra,
Syne lape ouer leyes and drawe throw dub & myre
Ho (quod the Wedder) in faith wee part not ſwa,
It is not the Lambe, it is thee that I deſire,
I ſhall come neir, for now I ſee thee tyre.
The Wolfe ran ſtill, whill an ſtrand ſtude behind,
Wat aye the nerer the Wedder hee couth him find.

Some after that, hee followed him ſo neir,
Whill that the Wolfe for fliedneſſe fyled the field,
Syne left the gate, and ran throw bus and breir,
And thus him from the ſhawes for to ſhield,
Yee ran reſtleſſe, for hee wiſt of no bield.
The Wedder followed faſt both out and in.

With

Whill that ane bus raue rudely off his skin.

The Wolfe was ware, and blenked him behind
And saw the Wedder com thrawād throw ȳ breir
Syne saw the Dog skin hingand on his lind:
Mo (quod hee) is this yē that is so nēro?
Right-now ane Hound, and now white as Frier,
I fled ouer farre and I had kend the race,
Mo God I vow that yē shall rew this race.

What was the cause yee gaue mē sic a katch,
Whith that in by, hē hint him by the horne:
Fo all your mowes yee met anes with your match,
Suppose yee leugh mē all this yeere to scorne,
Fo whā enchesson this Dogs skin haue ye borne,
Master (quod hee) but to haue plaide with you,
I pou requyre, that yee none other trow.

Is this your bourding in earnest then (quod hē)
Fo I am verie effeirit, and on slought:
Come backe againe, and I shall let thee see,
Then where the gait was grimmed he him brought:
Whether call yee this fair play o nought:
Mo set your Master in so fell effray,
Whill hee fo fearednesse hes syled vp the way?

Thyse (by my soule) yee gart mē shute behind,
Upon my hoches the senzeis may bee sēne,
Fo feiritnesse full oft I syled the wind,
Now is this yē na, but an Hound I wēne.
Mē thinke your teeth ouer thor to bē so kēne,
Blest bee the bus, that rest you your array,
Els flēand, burstin had I beene this day.

Sir (quod the Wedder) suppose I ran in by
I minde was neuer to doe your persoun ill,

Ane flier gets ane follower commonly,
In play or earnest, preue whosoeuer will,
Sen I but played bot gratious mee till,
And I shall gar my friends bisse your banes,
Ane full gude seruant will craib his maister anes.

I haue beene oftymes set in great effray,
But (by the Rude) so rad yet was I neuer,
As thou hes made mee with thy prettie play:
I shot behinde when thou ouertuke mee euer,
But sikkerly nose shall wee not disseuer.
Then by the craig bane smeetlie hee him tuke,
Or euer hee ceissed, and it in sunder shuke,

MORALITAS.

ESope that poet first father of this Fable,
Wrat this Parable whilke is conuenient,
Becouse the sentence was fructuous and agreable,
In Moralitie examplatiue prudent,
VVhas problems beene verie excellent,
Throw similitude of figures to this day,
Gioe doctrine to the Readers of it aye,

Heere may thou see that riches of array.
VVill cause poore men presumtuous for to bee,
They thinke they bald of none, bee they als gay,
But counterfait ane Lord in all degree,
Out of their cais in pryde they clime so hie,
That they forbeare their betters in no steid,
Whill some man stept their heeles ouer their heid.

Right sua in seruice other some exceids,
And they haue vvithgang vvelth, and cherissing,
That they will slaghtie Lords in their deeds,
And lukes not to their bluds, nor their offspring,
But yet nane wate, how lang that euill will ring,
Nut hee was wise that bade his sonne consider,
Beware in wealth, for hail banks are right sliddery.

Therefore I counsell men of eueriike stait,
Knoow themselfe, and whom they should forbeir,
And fall not vvith their better in debait,

Suppose

Suppose they bee als gallant in their geir,
It lets no seruant for to vphold weir,
Nor clyme so hie, whill hee fall off the ladder,
But thinke vpon the VVolfe and on the VVedder.

The tale of the Wolfe and the Lambe.

A Ne cruell Wolfe right rauenous and fell,
Vpon a time past to ane Riuer,
Descending from ane Rotch into ane Well,
To slaike his thirst dranke of the Water cleire,
Swa vpon cace, ane sillie Lambe came neir,
But of his foe, the Wolfe nothing hee wist,
And in the streame, laiped to cule his thirst.

Thus dranke they both, but not of one intent,
The Wolfes thought was all on wickednesse,
The sillie Lambe was meike and innocent,
Vpon the Riuer, in an other place,
Beneth the Wolfe hee dranke ane little space,
Whill hee thought gude, beleeuing there none ill,
The Wolfe him saw and rampand came him till.

With girnand teth, and awfull angrie luke,
Said to the Lambe, Thou Cattne wretched thing,
How durst thou bee so bold, to syle the bruke,
Where I should drinke, with thy foule slauering,
It were almous therfor to draw and hing
That thould presume with thy foule lips syle,
To glar my drinke, and this fair water syle.

The sillie Lambe quaikand for verie dreid,
On knees fell, and said, Sir with your lieue,
Suppose I dar not saytherof yee leid,
But by my soule, I wait yee can not preue,
That I did any thing that should you grieue,
For wait allwa that your accusationn,

Failzies fra treuth, and contrair to reasoun.
Though I can nought, Nature will mee defend,
And of the deed perfite experience,
All beastie thing mon of theselfe descend.
But if some thing on force make resistance,
Then may the stormie on no way make ascence,
Nor rin backward: I drinke beneth you far,
Ergo, for mee, your bruke was neuer the war.

Alswa my lips ken that I wes a Lambe,
Naitchit nothing that was contagious,
But sowked milke from pappes of my Dame,
Right Naturall, swæte, and als delicious.
Well (quod the Wolfe) thy language rigorous,
Comes thee of kinde.so for fathar before,
Helde mee at bate, both with boast and schore.

Yee waithit nice and then I could him warne,
Within a yeere, and I bruked mine heid,
I should be wroken on him or elfe his bairne,
For his exorbitant and frouard pleid.
Thou shall doubtleffe for his deedes bee deid.
Sir it is wrong that forthe Fathers gilt.
The faikleffe sonne should punisht bee or fpilt.

Wone yee not heard what holy Scripture sayes,
Endyted with the mouth of God Almightie?
Of his owne deeds ilke man shall beare the praise,
As paine for sinne, reward for workes right,
For my trespasse why should my sonne haue plight?
Who did the mis; let himsaftaine the paine.
Yea (quod the Wolfe) yet pleyes thou againe.

I let thee wit, when that the Father offends,
Will refuse none of his succession:

nd of his bairnes I may well take amends,
Into the twenty degree descending downe,
Thy Father thought to make an strong poysoun,
And with his mouth in my water did spew,
Sir (quod the Lambe) thay twa are nouther trew.

The Law sayes, and yee will understand,
There should no man for wrong or violence,
His Aduersar punish at his owne hand:
Without proces of Law or euidence,
Whilke should haue lieue to make lawfull defence,
And therevpon Summond peremtourly,
For to propon, contrarie, or reply.

Set mee ane lawfull Court I shall compeir,
Before the Lyon Lord, and leill Justice,
And by mine hand, I oblish mé right heir,
That I shall byde ane vnsuspect assyse.
This is the Law this is the instant gyse:
Yé should pretend therefore an Summonds make,
Against that day to giue reason, and take.

No (quod the Wolfe) thou would intrude reason
Where wrong and reife should dwell in propertie,
That is a point and part of false treason,
For to gar rueth remaine with crueltie,
By his woundes, false traitour, thou shalt die,
For thy trespalle, and for thy Fathers als,
With that anone hé hint him by the hals,

The sillie Lambe could doe nothing but bleit,
Sone was hé dead: the Wolfe would doe no grace,
Syne dranke his blude, and of his flesh can eit,
Whill hee was full, and went his way on pace,
Of this murther whet shall wé say, alace?

Allas not this cruelly, was not this great pittie?
To gar this sillie Lambe but gilt thus die.

MORALITAS.

THe poore people this Lambe may signifie,
As Maile men, Merchands, and all labourers,
Of whom the lyfe is halfe ane purgatorie
To win with lawtie liuing as effeires,
The VVolfe betokens false extortioners,
And oppressours of poore men, as wee see,
By violence or craft in faculties.

Three kind of VVolfes, in this world now ring?
The first are false peruerters of the Lawes:
Whilke vnder poet termes, falset mings,
Lett and that all were Gospell that hee shawes,
But for ane bud the poore men hee ouer hawes,
Smoir and the right, garrand the wrang proceid,
Of sik VVolfes helles fire shall bee their meid.

O man of Law, let bee thy subtiltie,
With nyce gimpes and frauds intricat:
And thinke that God in his Diuinitie,
The wrang, the right of all thy warkes wait,
For prayer, price, for hie, for low estate,
Of false querreles see thou make no defence,
Hold with the right, hurt not thy conscience.

Ane other kinde of VVolfes rauenous,
Are mightie men, haiand full great plentie:
VVhilkes are so gredie and so coyetous,
They will not thole the poore in peace to bee.
Suppose hee and his houshold both shou'd die,
For fault of fode, thereof they giue na racke,
But ouer his head mailling they will rake.

O man but mercie, what is in thy thought?
War than an VVolfe if thou could vnderstand,
Thou hast enough, the poore Husband right nought
But crop and cast vpon ane dour of land,
For Gods sayr, how dorst thou take on hand,
And thou in barne and byre so bein and big,
To put him from his Tack and gar him thig?

The third VVolfe are men of heritage,
As Lords that hes lands by Gods lane,

And

And sets to the Aaillers an village,
And for an tyme Gr ſtone payed and tane,
Syne vexes him ere halfe his time be gane,
VVith pikit quarrels for to make him faine,
To flite, or pay his Greſſome new againe.

His Horſe, his Meir, hee mon lend to the Lard,
To druge or draw in Court or in Cariege:
His ſeruant or his ſelfe may not bee ſpaird,
To ſwing and ſweit withoutten meat or wage,
Thus how hee ſtands in labour and bondage,
That ſcantly may hee purchas by his Maill,
To ſtue vpon dry bread and watter kaill.

Hes thou no rueth to gar thy Tennants ſweat
Into thy Labour with faint and hungrie wame?
And ſyne hes little gude to drinke or eate,
With his menzie at night when hee comes hame?
Thou ſhould dread for the righteous Gods blame
For it cryes vengeance vnto the heauens hie,
To gar ane poore man worke but meat or fie.

O thou great Lord that riches hes and rent,
Bee not an VVolfe thus to devore the poore
Thinke that nothing cruell nor violent,
May in this warld perpetuallie endure,
This ſhall thou trow and ſickerly aſſure,
For to oppreſſe thou ſhall haue as great paine,
As thou the poore had with thy own hand ſlaine

God keepe the Lambe, whilke is the innocent,
From the VVolfes byte and men extortioners:
God grant that wrongeus men of falſe intent,
Bee manifeſted, and puniſhe as effeirs,
And God as thou all righteous prayes heare,
Mot ſaue our King and giue him heart and hand,
All ſik VVolfes to baniſh outoff the Land.

The Tale of the Padoke and the Mouſe.

VPon ane time (as Eſope could repoze)
Ane little Mouſe came to an Riuer ſide,
Shee might not wade her ſhankes were ſo ſhoꝛt,
Shee could not ſwim, ſhee had none hoꝛſe to ride,
Yet verie ſoꝛce behoued her to byde.

And to and fro beside that Riuer deepe,
Shee ran crying with many a pitteous pàrpe.

Helpe ouer, helpe ouer, this sillie Mouse can cry,
For Gods loue some bodie ouer the brime:
With that ane Padocke in the water by,
Put vp her head, and on the banke could clim,
Whilke by Nature could douke and gaylie swim.
With voyce full ranke, shè said on this manner,
Good-morne, sir Mouse, what is your errand hère?

Sè thou (quod shè) of corne ane joly flat,
Of crype Cates, of Barlie, Peise, and Wheit:
I am hungrie and fane would bee thereat;
But I am stopped by this water great,
And on this side I get nothing to eit.
But hard huks, whilke with my tèth I bore,
Were I beyond my feist were fare the more,

I haue no Boat, heir is no Mariners,
And though there were, I haue no fraught to pay,
(Quod shè Sister) let bee thine heauie cheir,
Doe my counsell and I shall finde the way,
Without Horse, Brig, Boat, or yet Galay,
To bring thè ouer safely bè notefferd:
And not weitand the campes of thy beird.

I haue great wonder quod the little Mouse,
How can thou sleit without fedder or fine
This Riuer is so dèpe and dangerous,
Shee thinke that thou should drowned bè therein,
Tell mè therefore what facultie or gin.
Thou hast to bring mee ouer this water wan.
That to declare the Padoke thus began:
With my tuo fete (quod shè) lucken and braid.
Stead of oare I row the streame full still,

And though the brym bee perrellous Ile waid,
Both to and fro I row at mine owne will,
I may not drowne for why my open gil:
Devoides aye the water I resave,
Therefore to drowne for suith no dread I have.

The Mouse behild vnto the frosted face,
Her runkled cheekes and her lips slide,
Her hingand browes and her voyce so hace,
Her loggerand legs and her harsky hyde,
Shee ran aback and on the Paddocke cryde,
If I can any skill of Phisnomie,
Thou hes some part of falset and inuy.

For Clarkes sayes the inclination
Of mans thought, proceedes commonly,
After the corporall complertion,
To gude or ill, as Nature will apply.
Ane thraward wult, ane thraward Phisnomie,
The old Proverbe is witnesse of this lorum,
Distorrum vultum, sequitur distortio morum.

No (quod the Maid) that Proverbe is not trew,
For fair things are oftimes founden taken:
The Wla-berrie though they bee sad of hew,
Are gathered vp, when Primrose is forsaken,
The face may faill to bee the heartes taken,
Therefore I find this Scripture in all place,
Thou should not judge ane man after his face.

Though I vnhelthsome bee to luke vpon,
I have no cause why I should lacked bee,
Were I als faire as foly Absolon,
I am no causer of that great bewtie,
This difference in forme and qualitie
Almightie God hes caused Dame Ki

To paint and set in euerie Creature,
Of some the face may bee full flourishand,
Of silken tongue and theare right amorous:
With minde inconstant, false and variand,
Full of desait, and meanes cautelous,
Let bee thy preaching (quod the hungrie Mous)
And by what craft thou gat mee vnderstand,
That thou would gyde mee to yon yonder land.

Thou wat (quod shee) an body that hes need,
To helpe himselfe should many wayes cast:
Therefore goe take an double twyned threed,
And bind thy leg to mine with knots fast,
I shall thee learne to swime, bee not agast,
As well as I: As thou then (quod the Mous,
To preeue that play it were right perrillous,

Should I bee bound and fast where I am free
In hope of helpe? no then I shrew vs baith,
For I might lose both life and libertie,
Knit were so who should amend the skaith?
But if yee sweir to mee the mother aith,
But traud or guyle to bring mee ouer this flude:
Nor hurt or harme: In faith (quod shee) I dude.

Shee gonked vp and to the heauen can cry,
O Iupiter of Nature God and King:
I make an aith truelie that I
This fillie Mouse shall ouer this water bring,
The aith was made, the Mouse but perseuing,
The false ingine of this foole trappald taide
Woke threed and band her leg as shee her bade:

Then fute for fute they lap into the bryme,
Their mindes they were right different:
The

The Mouse thought of nothing but for to swym,
The Padocke for to drowne set her intent,
When they in midward of the stream were wynt,
With all her might the Padocke preassed downe,
And thought the Mouse without mercie to drowne.

Persaving this, the Mouse on her can cry.
Creatour to God and mansworne vnto mee,
Thou swore the mother aith right now that I
But hurt or harme should scrypit bee and free:
And when shee saw there was but dee or die,
With all her might shee forced her to swim,
And preassed vpon the tades backe to clim,

The dread of death her strengths gart increse,
And forced her defend with might and mane,
The Mouse vpward, the Padocke downe can pres
Whill to, whill fra, whill vonked vp againe,
This fillie Mouse plunged into great paine.
Can feght als long as breath was in her breist,
Till at the last shee cryed for an Preist.

Feght and thus gate, the Glad sat on a twist,
And to this wretched battell tuke gude heed,
And with an wiske ere any of them wist,
Hee claught his cluke betwirt them in the thrid,
Syne to the land hee flew with them gude speed,
Fane of that fang, pypand with many pew,
Syne lowsed them and both but pittie slew.

Syne boweled them that boucher with his bill,
And belly-flaught full sereillie them flaid
But all their flesh wald scant her halfe an till:
And guts als vnto that greedie Glaid,
Of their debate, thus when I heard out tald,

Hir tuke the flight, and ouer the fields flaw,
Ilk this bee trew speir at them that saw.

MORALITAS.

MY brother, if thou will take aduertance,
By this Fable thou may persaue and see,
It passes for all kinde of pestilence,
Ane wicked miode, with wordes faire and flee,
Beware therefore, with whom thou fellowes bee,
To thee were better to beare the stane-barrow,
For all thy dayes to delue while thou may dree,
Than to bee matched with ane wicked marrow.

Ane falfe intent vnder ane faire pretence,
Hes caused many innocent for to die:
Great follie is to giue ouer soone credence,
To all that speikes fairlie vnto thee.
Ane silken tongue ane heart of crueltie,
Inuytes more sore than any shot of arrow,
Brother if thou bee wise I red thee flee,
To match thee with a threaward feinzet marrow.

I wairne thee als it is great negligence,
To bind thee fast, where thou was franke and free,
Fra thou bee bound thou may make no defence,
To saue thy life, nor yet thy libertie,
This simple counsell Brother take of mee,
And it to cun perqueir see thou not tarrow,
Better but stryfe to liue alane in lee,
Than to bee matched with an wicked marrow.

This hold in minde right more I shall thee tell,
Whereby thir beastes may bee figurate,
The Padoke vsand in the flude to dwell,
Is mans bodis swimmand aire and late
Into this warld with cares implicate,
Now hie, now low, whiles plunged vp and downe,
Ay in perrell and reddie for to drowne.

Now dolorous, now blyth as bird on briet,
Now in freedome, now wrapped in destresse,
Now haill and sound, now dead and brought on bier:
Poore as Iob, now rowand in riches:
Now gay, now drais laid in pres,

Now full as fitche, now hungrie as an Hound,
Now on the quheill, now wrapped to the ground.

This littie Mouse heere knit thus by the Skin
The saule of man betaken may indeede,
Bounden and fra the body may not win,
While cruell death come breaks of life the threid.
The whilke to drowne should euer stand in dread,
Of carnall lust by the Suggestion,
Whilke drawes ay the soule and druggis downe.

The water is the warld ay walterand,
With many wall of tribulatioun:
In whilke the saule and body were steirand,
Standand right different in their opinioun,
The soule vpwart, the body presseth downe,
The saul right faine wald bee brought ouer I wis,
Out of this warld into the heauens blis.

The Gled is death that comes suddenly,
As does ane theif and cutes soone the battell:
Be vigilant therefore and ay readie,
For mans life is brukle and mortall:
My friend therefore make thee ane strong Castell,
Of faith in Christ: for death will thee assay,
Thou wait not when, euen, morrow or midday.

Adew my friend, and if that any speir
Of this Fable, so shortly I conclude:
Say yee I left the rest vnto the Frieris:
To make example and similitude:
Now Christ for vs that dyed on the Rude,
Of saul and life as thou art Sauiour,
Grant vs to passe to thee in blessed houre.

FINIS.

The Table of this Booke.

THe tale of the Cocke and the Iaspe. Fol. 1

The tale of the Vponland Mouse and the Burgesse Mouse. 8

The tale of sir Chanteclein and the Fox. 11

The tale of the foresaid Tod his confession to Fre VVolfe wair-skauth.

The tale of the Sonne and heire of the foresaid Fox called Father ware: Alsa the parliament of fourefutted beastes halden be the Lyon. 28

The tale of the Sheepe and the Dog. 34

The tale of the Lyon and the Mouse. 42

The preaching of the Swallow. 55

The tale of the Wolfe that gat the neckherring throw the wrink of the Fox, that begyled the Cadgear, 64

The tale of the Fox that begyled the VVolfe throw the shaddow of the Moone. 71

The tale of the VVolfe and the VVedder. 85

The tale of the VVolfe and the Lambe, 89

The tale of the Paddock and the Mous. 97